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Mystery in

Begin now the strange and exciting adventures of student nurse Gail Gardner, of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!

By MARGARET SUTTON
Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"

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MISS GARDNER reporting for duty."

Gail was startled to hear her own voice saying that. After all, she wasn't used to calling herself Miss Gardner. At home she was Gail, the whirlwind, and no one ever took her seriously. Now, after a month's training, she was reporting for her first day's work in the wards at City Hospital.

The head nurse looked up from her desk to see an eager girl in a blue and white checked uniform and a crisp white apron. Gail's flyaway blonde hair was not yet dignified by the student nurse's cap.

"Good morning, Miss Gardner. Your teacher said she was sending up two girls from the preclinical class. Where is the other girl?"

"I don't know, Miss Robinson. Usually Eva—I mean Miss Fairfax—works with me. I was afraid I was late, but maybe she is."

Gail's explanation came to an abrupt halt as she tried to think where her best friend, Eva Fairfax, could be. It wasn't like her not to show up for anything as important as ward duty.

"You are both late," declared Miss Robinson. "It isn't a very good way to start your ward work. There are two vacant beds to be made in the semi-private rooms and three more in Ward 13. Two of the ward beds will have to be stripped and washed before you make them. The corner bed is still occupied, but the patient will be going up to X-ray soon. Change only the soiled linen on that bed. We're a little short-

handed today. We need help."

"Yes, Miss Robinson. I'll start at once."

It would have helped, Gail thought, if the head nurse had smiled a little. She ought to know that the new preclinical students would be just about scared to death. Their teacher, Miss Platt, had shown them where everything was kept and explained their duties in the wards only the week before. They had toured the hospital under her guidance and afterward Gail had brought a glass of water and arranged a bunch of flowers for little Miss Holly in Ward 13, Women's Medical. But outside of that Gail had never done anything for a real patient. She had only practiced on the classroom doll.

As she came into the ward she noticed that some of the patients were the same ones she had seen last week. Others were new. Miss Holly was still there, looking very small and lonely in the last bed.

"Hello! Remember me?" Gail asked, approaching the bed.

"Why, yes, dearie, I remember you." The little old woman's eyes lighted up. "You're the nurse who brought me the flowers. They threw them away. You're my friend, aren't you? You'll bring back my flowers?"

Gail hesitated. "I'm afraid I can't exactly. I mean, I can't bring back those flowers. They must be dead. But I'll bring you some fresh ones..."

"No, I want those flowers."

"I'm sorry," Gail began gently, "but that's impossible..."

The patient sighed. And then, to Gail's surprise, the ghost of

Ward 13

a smile began to play about her lips.

"I don't mind. Anyway, I can keep watch of those jewels..."

"Jewels! What jewels?" asked Gail, still more surprised. She had supposed Miss Holly was one of the charity patients in the ward.

"Some jewels I had, dearie. They're over there in that bureau drawer." She pointed a thin finger. "Top drawer. Left-hand side. Dr. Britt had my bureau moved up here so I could watch them. But sometimes, when my eyes are closed, I think I hear footsteps. You won't let anyone take those jewels, will you?"

"Of course not, Miss Holly."

Surely, thought Gail, a patient ought not to be allowed to keep her own bureau in a hospital ward, especially if there were jewels in one of the drawers. She couldn't understand why Dr. Britt permitted it. This good-natured young interne with the brick-colored hair and ready smile had been Gail's favorite ever since her first week at the hospital. Next to the superintendent herself, she had admired him most.

"Valuables are usually kept in the safe downstairs," she told Miss Holly at last. "I'll ask Dr. Britt about it and take your jewels there myself if he'll let me. Then you won't need to worry. Now let me plump up your pillow for you and straighten the covers. There, isn't that better?"

"Much better, thank you, dearie."

Gail smiled. "If there's anything else you want, I'll be right here making beds."

"Nurse, raise my head a little, won't you?"

"Let me have that magazine on the chair, nurse. I can't quite reach it."

Gail welcomed the chance to do little things for the other patients. It thrilled her when

"This isn't a very good way for you to start your ward work," declared Miss Robinson.



they called her "nurse." Most of the nurses at City Hospital had already joined the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and were being paid by the government while they were still in training. Because of the need for nurses, the hospital was accepting girls as young as seventeen. The preclinical students who had signed the pledge were also known as pre-cadets and Gail was proud to be one of them.

"I may go into active service myself," she thought, "if the war lasts that long. In the meantime, I can relieve the shortage of nurses on the home front. Goodness! I wonder where Eva is. Oh, dear! I'll never get finished if she doesn't show up to help me."

It made Gail a little nervous to work in the ward alone. The whole place seemed different,

somehow, since last week's instruction tour. Gail missed the patient with the oxygen mask and suddenly it dawned upon her that that patient had occupied one of the beds now waiting to be made. She couldn't have been discharged so soon. She had been too ill. But, of course, not all the patients recovered. It gave her the shivers to strip the soiled linen from that bed. The dent where the patient's head had rested was still in the pillow and the half-filled cylinder of oxygen had not yet been wheeled away.

Hurriedly stripping off the pillow slip, Gail turned it partly inside out over a chair back to make a convenient laundry bag for the rest of the soiled linen. This was exactly the way she had been taught to do it in the classroom but somehow the

weight of the linen proved too much for the chair. It tipped over with a clatter that could be heard throughout the entire ward.

Several of the patients laughed. Miss Holly's laugh sounded like a cackle. It made Gail wonder how she could be so fond of this tiny witchlike old lady who had been her first patient. But there it was. The moment Miss Holly had spoken to her, telling her how lonely she got lying in bed with no one to visit her, Gail had grown all tight and hot inside with sympathy.

"Poor Miss Holly! She can't help the way she laughs. Anyway, maybe it was someone else."

Gail stripped the other bed quickly. Still no Eva!

Outside, in the corridor, Gail sent both bulging pillow slips down the laundry chute and returned with a pail of water and a cleaning tray, ready to begin washing the beds. A hissing noise she hadn't noticed before was coming from somewhere near the tank of oxygen. It sounded almost like someone breathing and yet, somehow, different. Gail took a step nearer the tank and noticed tiny bubbles floating to the surface of the complicated gauge near the top.

"It's the oxygen!" she exclaimed. "Does anyone know how to turn it off?"

"I do," Miss Holly spoke up unexpectedly. The tank was not far from her bed. "I've watched the nurse do it plenty of times. You just turn the handle until the arrow points to zero and the bubbling stops. Whenever it bubbles, that means the oxygen's on, dearie."

"Thanks, Miss Holly."

Gingerly, Gail turned the handle, half expecting the tank to explode in her face. Immediately the bubbling and hissing stopped. She sighed deeply.

"It looks right, but I wouldn't trust it. Who do you suppose turned it on?"

"Things happen by themselves around here," declared Miss Holly. "I'll be glad when that tank's out of the ward. It

reminds me of poor Mrs. Burt, God rest her soul."

It was true then! Gail was glad that she had never believed in spirits. She decided not to tell Eva if she came in time to help her make the bed. It wouldn't do to upset her, and Eva did scare easily. The two girls lived next door to each other in the nurses' home, appropriately named Echo Hall. Babies cried almost continuously in the new maternity wing just opposite. In the old Medical Building where Gail was now working there were noises that were not so easily explained. In fact, the whole hospital seemed filled with echoes and rumors. An invisible thief, some of the girls said, prowled through the corridors. Things had even been missed from the rooms of Mrs. Blake, the adored superintendent of nurses. Gail did not believe for a minute that any of the student nurses was guilty of taking them. It had come as a complete surprise when she learned that some of them were suspecting her.

"Unfortunately," her roommate had told her, "our key fits both the superintendent's suite and the linen closet on this floor."

"It does!"

Gail's roommate had nodded. "Bonnie Albright found it out. She's been playing detective."

Bonnie was the class president. Gail liked her even though Bonnie herself had not been very friendly. Gail's roommate, Susan Dole, was above suspicion. Some day Gail hoped to play detective herself and discover the real thief. In the meantime, she simply wasn't going to worry. When she was with the other girls it was easy to make a joke of the strange events and blame them on the invisible man. Alone in the ward it was different. Several times, while she was washing the two beds, Gail thought she



Spurred to instant action, Gail dashed the contents of her cleaning pail into the blaze.

heard footsteps behind her. And yet, when she looked around, she could see that no one had entered the ward.

"I'm letting my imagination run away with me," she scolded herself.

Still the feeling persisted. Ridiculous as it was, Gail could not shake it off. She had just finished her cleaning and was about to empty the pail of water when a low crackling noise in the direction of Miss Holly's bed made her turn around in sudden terror. A weird yellow light flickered across the patient's face!

"Nurse! The wastebasket! It's—burning."

The voice from the other bed was low and panicky. Gail glanced at the tall cylinder of oxygen and quickly the warning flashed across her brain, *Keep fire away!* She had seen it on an oxygen tent when the class toured the hospital. Now it spurred her to instant action. Swiftly she dashed the contents of her cleaning pail into the blaze and stamped out a flying bit of paper.

"What's this?" cried the head nurse, hurrying down the ward with another nurse and an

orderly close on her heels. The wastebasket was still smoking a little and Gail's heart was pounding like a hammer. Everything had happened so fast that only Miss Holly and the woman in the bed next to her had been aware of the danger. But soon some of the others were sniffing the acrid air and asking what was burning.

"Nothing now," Gail told them with surprising calm. "It was only a piece of paper and I put it out."

"She saved our lives," murmured Miss Holly, sinking back on her pillow. "That tank might have exploded and wrecked the hospital."

"The explosion of a single cylinder of oxygen would hardly wreck a hospital, but it is a good thing you acted quickly, Miss Gardner," the head nurse said. "Now you see why wastebaskets should never be placed beside ward beds."

"But I didn't place it there, Miss Robinson," Gail protested. "I didn't notice it until it caught fire. Naturally, I thought of the danger to the patients. The oxygen was turned on just now when I came into the ward."

"The oxygen was turned on! Are you quite sure, Miss Gardner?"

"I'm positive. It was escaping through the tube and I heard it. Miss Holly told me how to turn it off. I hope I did it right."

"Well, it's off." She paused as though doubting Gail's statement. "You realize, Miss Gardner, that with the release of oxygen a fire burns faster and spreads much more rapidly?"

"Yes, Miss Robinson, I—I realize."

"As a rule, students do not receive instructions from the patients. Accidents always upset them. You should have come to me."

"Y-yes, Miss Robinson."

The head nurse looked at Gail suspiciously and then began scolding the orderly, reminding him that this was the third time she had told him to wheel out that tank of oxygen. His reply was a little insolent, but Gail wasn't sure she blamed him. She might have talked back to Miss Robinson herself if she weren't a student nurse. Gail was glad when the head nurse stopped scolding and turned her attention to the patients.

"That's gratitude for you," the orderly grumbled, stopping beside Gail when he had finished loading the cylinder of oxygen on a small hand-truck. "I could have told you you'd never be thanked for anything around this hospital. Head nurses get all the breaks. Even the students don't do half the work that the orderlies do. Of course," he added more pleasantly, "you're only kids just out of high school. The probies, that is, and I'm all for you. I'm Jim Tait. If Miss High-Hat ever asks you to do anything that turns out to be too much for you, just come to me."

"Thanks, I will."

The oxygen tank rumbled

out, with Jim Tait pushing it, and Gail dared breathe again. She liked the hospital and it was exciting. But she wouldn't care to have many experiences as exciting as this one. The head nurse was standing beside Miss Holly's bed, watch in hand, counting her pulse.

"Is she—is she all right?" Gail asked anxiously a moment later.

"Her pulse is faster than usual. Place your fingers on her wrist and your thumb on the back of her hand and you'll see for yourself."

Gail tried it, but she had not yet been instructed in taking pulse and the irregular beat confused her. When they practiced on each other in class maybe she'd do better. Everything seemed to be going wrong today. Miss Robinson was still suspicious.

"I can't help wondering how a blaze like that could have started with only you in the ward, Miss Gardner. The patients are helpless..."

She stopped, her sentence unfinished, as a muffled call for help came from somewhere farther down the corridor.

(To be continued)



"I could have told you you'd never be thanked for anything around here," the orderly grumbled to Gail.

MERCY ON SKIS



The man-power shortage gave sixteen-year-old Peg Curtis her chance to join the life-and-limb-saving Manchester Ski Patrol

By NAOMI JOLLES

ONLY eighteen girls and women in the whole United States are eligible to wear the jealously possessed blue and gold badge of the National Ski Patrol. Youngest of them all is apple-cheeked, curly-haired Peg Curtis, sixteen, of Manchester, Vermont.

To receive this honor, Peg had to be recommended not only for excellence in skiing but also for devotion to duty and for outstanding leadership in her community. This is the third winter that Peg, a sturdy, trim figure in tapering gabardine ski pants, has been skimming over the hills of Big Bromley and Snow Valley as a member of the life-and-limb-saving Manchester Ski Patrol.

The patrols are the safety cushion behind every skier. They go over the trails, filling in treacherous holes and mak-

ing sure the narrow ways are free of fallen trees. At night they clear the mountainside of last-minute skiers who otherwise might be trapped by the oncoming darkness. When a too-enthusiastic sport wraps himself around a tree during a joyous *schuss*, it is the patrol that seeks him out, administers first aid on the spot, and brings him down the rest of the way on either a toboggan or an improvised sled made by lashing his two skis together.

A few years ago the Manchester Ski Patrol was made up exclusively of men. When the war broke out, most of them joined the Army's ski troops. To fill their places, the local patrol turned to the older high school boys, most of whom had been doing fast christies over the slopes for years anyway. Into that group slipped two



girls, Peg Curtis and her chum, Natale Benson. The work is entirely volunteer, inspired by good sportsmanship.

"Of course, it gives us a chance to use the tows free," Peg grins.

During her first winter as a patrol member Peg, then fourteen, distinguished herself by successfully treating under most difficult conditions a girl with a compound fracture of the upper arm.

"It was eighteen below zero," Peg recalls, "so cold that applying splints and tying knots were very difficult as my hands became numb so quickly. I did all right, though, for that was two years ago and I met the girl

skiing again just last winter."

Peg learned to ski when she was twelve. It was inevitable. "Living in Vermont with mountains for neighbors, we all ski," she says.

She is on patrol duty every Friday afternoon after school and all day Saturday and Sunday. The worse the weather, the more imperative becomes the work of the patrol. Peg and Nat Benson were nearly lost themselves once in a driving snowstorm on Big Bromley. Only their great familiarity with the mountain enabled them to get down by following trees.

Peg shares her enthusiasm for skiing with her love of Noggy, a trained cow pony from Nogales, Arizona, which she has had four years. She takes complete care of him, getting up at 7 A.M. to feed and water him. In the winter she has him sharp shod and rides as usual. Someday she would like to own an Arabian colt. In the meantime she collects miniature horses as a hobby.

Peg is a general all-round sport. She swims, cycles, hikes, and plays a whiz-bang game of tennis. Indoors it's rummy and ping-pong. She much prefers playing games to watching them. She's crazy about dancing, any variety, but has to be in a very special mood before

she will do any jitterbugging.

Her batting average is just as high in school. Math occasionally trips her, however. A senior at the Burr and Burton Seminary in Manchester, she is working toward a scholarship. Next year she hopes to go to Middlebury, where she plans to major in languages and dramatics.

"I think I want to be an actress," she admits, "although my mother says I'm nuts." Peg's had the same ambition since she was seven and worked with a group known as the Newton Children's Theater in Newton, Massachusetts, where her family was then living. She later appeared with the Dorset Players and in school sang the lead role in *Hansel and Gretel*.

Her only chance to attend the theater is during what she sadly calls "my yearly brief visits to New York and Boston." But she loves movies. They are her greatest extravagance, she says, after her horse, Noggy. She weeps freely over the sad ones but does not particularly enjoy that kind of movie best.

She likes to read fiction and biography and considers *Mary Poppins* her favorite book, adding a slightly defensive, "believe it or not."

You can always tempt her with lobster. She's never had enough of that, she claims. Just

now she is learning to cook, but sticks to the simpler things such as deviled eggs.

Last fall she put in her stint for victory by picking apples in the large orchards around Manchester. Nat Benson was champ picker, however, with a record of twenty-five bushels in one afternoon. Peg is also serving as a staff assistant of the Red Cross and works with the messenger service of the local Civilian Defense Council.

Her greatest wish is to see this war over. As for her most purely personal desire, she sighs deeply and says wistfully, "I'd really like to be skinny."



The patrol (Peg Curtis second, and Natalie Benson fourth from the left) sidestepping on the runs to pack down new snow.

Peg has always had mountains for neighbors so she's at home on skis.





So you want to be a WRITER!

You may think you're a born writer, but you must be an apprentice before you rank as a professional

By NINA BROWN BAKER

Author of "Peter the Great" and "Juarez, Hero of Mexico"

ALL RIGHT, you want to be a writer. And naturally enough, you want to know how to start. You read books about it, and maybe you know some professional writer you can ask. What do they tell you, almost all of them?

"It's a long, hard road, my dear. Strewn with rejection slips and heartaches. You write and write, revise and re-write, tear up and begin again. You send your stories to one market after another, and they come back and keep coming back. All you can do is grit your teeth and keep on trying, hoping that someday you'll click."

Nonsense. Don't you believe it. It isn't like that at all. If you have ordinary common sense,

you can take an easier way, and a much surer one.

In the first place, this business of rejection slips. Keep away from them! If you've written stories that seem awfully good to you and your loving relatives, don't send them to national magazines unless they especially seek them. These stories will only come back if you've enclosed return postage—and that hurts. Don't go out of your way to get hurt.

Why does it come back? Well, figure it out for yourself. You're trying to compete with adult professional writers. Would you try it in any other field? Suppose you're fourteen, and you've been taking singing lessons for two years. Twelve is about as early as a voice

teacher would take you. It's also about the earliest age you're likely to write a completed story. Well, if you've been singing for two years, and sing very well, would you expect the Metropolitan Opera to give you a role in preference to Lily Pons? No matter how lovely your voice is, you simply cannot have learned in two years what it took Miss Pons many years to learn.

You've been writing for two years. It isn't time enough to learn what a professional writer has to know. Strangers, who buy magazines and opera tickets, don't make the allowances your family will make. They want Miss Pons. They want the grown-up writer.

(Continued on page 56)



There's no better place than your school paper to start learning the tricks of the trade painlessly.

THE MYSTERY of the THIEVING SPOOKS

The trail of the Spooks finally leads Jill and the gang to the end of the mystery—and into a sinister and dangerous situation

By ISABELLE COREY

The Final Installment

THE compartment was blank, just as everyone had supposed.

"Now what?" Babs questioned.

Without answering Jill rapped on the wall. It certainly sounded hollow. Again she searched for hidden springs, feverishly this time, and at last a small button cleverly concealed in a knothole yielded to her touch. And the back of the cabinet opened. Ronnie was right. There was a secret staircase!

A cry of amazement escaped Jill. Blinking at her from the

darkness was a little face—the same face she had seen at the window on the way to Cedar Island, the day of the picnic.

"It's a monkey," Babs giggled as a little animal leaped onto the railing and scampered out of sight.

"Sh-h-h!" Dave warned.

Dimming the flashlight with his handkerchief, he started up the steep, narrow stairs. The others followed until a door barred their way. Dave extinguished the light and opened the door cautiously. Inside, the place was dark. Suddenly a light flared up, and a hoarse cackling laugh greeted the four amazed young people.

Jill suppressed a startled cry. Reclining on a pile of cushions was an old crone. Long earrings dangled from her ears, and her coarse, bony hands were covered with rings. Yet, despite all her fine ornaments, her clothes were filthy rags.

But it was the face that filled Jill with such loathing. It was turned toward them and the light from the one oil lamp fell full upon it. All she could think of was a cruel, greedy vulture.

"Look at the pretty dears," the woman simpered, revealing toothless gums. "Well, what are you standin' there for? Come in and make yourselves at home." Her skinny body shook with laughter.

"Quiet, Lali," a stern voice within the shadows commanded.

Jill whirled at the sound of it. The voice was familiar.

Suddenly a light flared up in the room and a hoarse cackling laugh greeted the four young people. Jill suppressed a startled cry.



A man limped out of the shadows. In his hand was a revolver. Scarcely able to believe her eyes, Jill recognized him. It couldn't be anybody else. True, he didn't have the thick, heavy beard. But his eyes were the same. And that foot . . . Only once before had she seen another like it. And that was on . . .

In her surprise she must have gasped his name aloud. For he turned to her with an exaggerated bow and said, "Yes. Mr. Ecks. And, as you see, very

The giant brought him a chair and he sat down, surveying his four prisoners, bound and propped against the wall.



much alive. I am glad to note you recognize me without my whiskers. But I am afraid, my young friends, you have forced your way into an unpleasant situation, for I am also the Uncanny Macanny and these—" He motioned to the old woman he called Lali and to a small person whom Jill recognized as Mike. "—these are two of my Ghostly Trio. Or should we continue to call them Spooks?"

"You—you can't be Mr. Ecks," Babs stammered. "Everybody knows he's dead. You're a—a fraud."

"Tut, tut, my child," smirked Mr. Ecks. "My death was a trick. A clever trick. The world thinks me dead. And will continue to do so," he added as Dave started to protest. "You'll not tell. No, no one will tell. Tie them up, Marggi," he said abruptly.

Jill's heart sank. They were trapped. If only someone knew where they were . . .

Marggi—or Mike, as Jill had known him—stepped up to her

with a coil of rope in his hand. For the first time she was able to see him without the huge cap pulled down over his face. Why, Mike wasn't a little boy. He was a full-grown midget! Petunia's imp of Satan. Of course the old woman was the witch. Where was the giant? Heavy footsteps on the stairs brought the answer. A man fully seven feet tall towered in the doorway.

"Gee, boss," the newcomer said to Mr. Ecks, "I tried to shake these kids. Honest, I did."

"Hurry and tie them up, Henie," snapped Mr. Ecks. "We're getting out of here, quick."

One by one, they were bound and propped against the wall.

Jill started thinking about Mr. Ecks. Of course that wasn't his real name, and she wondered if Macanny was an alias, too. Ignatius Matthew Ecks. It was such a strange name. Did he write the whole thing out? Or just sign himself I. M. Ecks?

She repeated it. It didn't sound right, and suddenly she knew why. It wasn't a name at all. Ecks spelled the letter X. How blind she and everybody else had been. He had practically told them, "I am X, the unknown quantity." The mystery was so clear and simple now. That message found in the cliff was in the same code as his name. It was a clue which would have led them right here if they had only connected the two.

Mr. Ecks dropped the gun on the table by the door. Henie, the giant, brought him a chair and he sat down, surveying his prisoners.

"Lali, a little more light," he commanded.

The old crone roused herself and hobbled through a doorway to return a moment later with a wax taper, with which she lighted several kerosene lamps.

For the first time Jill could



Girls sat on the trunk, the floor, the chairs, listening breathlessly to Jill's story.

really see what the room was like. The luxuriousness of the place quite overwhelmed her: mother-of-pearl, silken draperies, costly carpets. The layout was the same as downstairs, two small rooms off the larger one. The heavy shutters on the inside of all the windows explained why the lights could be turned on with nobody on the outside being the wiser. A skylight overhead served for ventilation.

"What are you going to do with the four fools?" the midget asked, a wicked gleam in his mean little eyes.

"Why, we'll let them be spooks," Mr. Ecks replied. He pursed his lips and gazed up at the ceiling. "Real ones, of course."

"You mean you're going to kill us?" Babs gasped.

Mr. Ecks regarded her with a pained expression. "You put it so bluntly."

"How's it goin' to be this time, chief?" Marggi leered.

"We'll leave them tied in a

leaky boat," Mr. Ecks said. "All right, Henie, take them out."

"Just a minute," Jill pleaded, trying to control her terror. As long as he talked, she figured they were safe. "There are so many things I don't understand. How did we get locked in the small room downstairs?"

"The buttons. Show them, Marggi."

The midget went over to a panel by the door where there were many buttons and levers. They heard a faint click as he pressed the top button.

"That just shut the bedroom door," Mr. Ecks said.

The levers were for various sound effects. Proudly he explained his inventions, boasting of his cleverness. The dust downstairs was a simple ruse. Lali sprayed the rooms every morning with a Flit gun filled with dust from vacuum cleaner bags. That's why so many were stolen. He had to have the bags of dust.

"Henie was my mysterious carpenter," Mr. Ecks continued.

"He built the house—under my direction, of course. And my 'ghost' that startled you so was a trick done with false whiskers, make-up, and the aid of a trap door."

He went on to explain that Lali and her two sons, the midget and the giant, had lived with him from the start, going out only at night. Lali had discovered the cave on the mainland when she was hunting for herbs, and they had used it for an emergency retreat. In order further to cover their tracks they had made scapegoats of the Finnegan family, planting some of the stolen goods on their doorstep.

As he talked, shouting one moment, whispering the next, often confused and incoherent, Jill realized he was mad—stark, raving mad.

Mike suddenly cut in with an angry snarl. "It would've worked, too, only for these nosy kids and—" he glared at his huge brother—"this big lum-mox."

"Who, me?" Henie asked in blank amazement.

"Yeah! You! You had to scare them once more before we left."

"Cut it, you two. And get busy," Mr. Ecks snapped. "Those bags have to be packed."

All this time the old woman was hobbling to and fro, trying to decide which bedraggled shawl and gown to take. As she contemplated each, she would drape it over her outstretched arm until she looked like a multicolored scarecrow. And added to the insane confusion was the monkey. He scampered about, chattering excitedly and getting in everybody's way. Finally the woman threw a shoe at him. Squealing in pain, the monkey ran to Mr. Ecks for protection.

Mr. Ecks scowled and gathered the little animal to him. "My poor Tito," he murmured with tears in his eyes. "Tito loves to swing from tree to tree at night. He always took that lamp with him." He pointed to a small, wire-protected lan-

(Continued on page 36)



MOVIES *of the Month*

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

1—Belita and Frick and Frack are usually cavorting on skates, but in "Lady, Let's Dance" they do straight comedy, too, and Belita stars as a ballet dancer as well as a figure skater. (Mono.)

2—Ginger Rogers tries a home manicure on her soldier husband in "Tender Comrade" a story of a devoted wife. (RKO)

3—Guess what—Jane Withers is a girl who doesn't want to be an actress in "My Best Gal." Jimmy Lydon has to coax her to be his leading lady—honest! (Rep.)

4—Gloria DeHaven rides a white horse to fledgling stardom in "Broadway Rhythm." (MGM)

5—Loretta Young, Anne Gwynne are but two of many women stars in "Ladies Courageous," a dramatic story of the Women's Air Force Service pilots. A group of actual WASPS do flying scenes at an Army ferrying base. (Univ.)

6—Robert Taylor in "Song of Russia" is an American symphony conductor on tour of the Soviet Union early in 1941. His romance with Susan Peters, Russian pianist, is a war tragedy. (MGM)

7—Lon McAllister in "Home in Indiana" is a farm hand who learns to drive in sulky races and wins his employer's daughter batimes. How could he miss with that engaging smile! (20th C-Fox)



CALLING ALL GIRLS
THE GIRL
THEY'RE ALL
TALKING ABOUT



Wherever you go folks are asking, "Have you seen Mary Lee?" She's the most refreshing thing that's come to the screen in a month of Sundays!... How she sings! What a personality! And here she is in a perfectly grand picture—gay, romantic and melody-filled!

MARY LEE
America's Little Sister in
NOBODY'S DARLING
with
Louis Calhern • Gladys George • Jackie Moran
Leo Patrick
Bonnie Bartlett
Marcia Mae Jones

HEAR MARY SING
Blow, Blow, Blow!
I'm Always Chasing Rainbows - It Had To Be You - and more!

IT'S A
REPUBLIC PICTURE

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS

by JANE EATON



Isn't it exciting to come home from school and find a letter addressed to you? Is it an invitation? Is it from that month boy who moved away the soldier to whom you've been writing? Whatever it is will you know the correct way to answer, if? Check your knowledge of what's right in writing by taking this quiz

Q Should I answer a letter from a boy right away, or should I wait so he won't think I'm swooning about him?

A Unless his letter calls for an immediate answer, wait a few days, but not so long that he will lose interest. And be sure your letter LOOKS as feminine as you want him to remember YOU

Q Is it proper to accept a written invitation to a party by telephone?

A It's way "off the beam." Write a short, simple note on a fine paper, such as Eaton's RANDOMWEAVE or PETERSBURG 1450.

Q What is the right way to start and to end a letter to a boy you don't know very well?

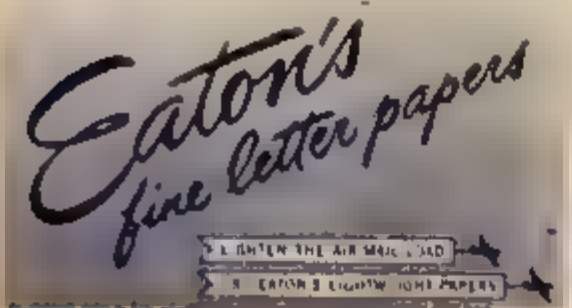
A Start with "Dear _____" In the salutation of a letter "dear" does not have the usual personal meaning. End your letter with "Sincerely _____"

Q Like lots of girls, I'm writing to so many boys in the armed forces that I need lots of writing paper. I'm buying War Stamps, and like an occasional coke and movie, so there's not much left over. I hate to use cheap-looking paper. What good paper will fit into my budget?

A You will find many styles of sheets and envelopes at budget prices among Eaton's Open Stock Papers. If you run out of one before the other, you can always match up sheets or envelopes.

★ EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS can be bought in lots of sheets and envelopes, or you can fill in as you wish . . . no need, ever, to waste "orphan" sheets, or envelopes. Ask to see PETERSBURG 1450, HIGHLAND LINEN, FOREIGN MAIL and others

★ For an interesting 36-page book, "It's Fun to Write Letters," write to JANE EATON, Eaton Paper Corp., Springfield 10, Mass. The price is 10¢ but every dime goes into War Bonds



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Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

The problem I have is keeping my mouth shut. I always say things that later I wish I hadn't. Will you please give me advice?
—Paula J., aged 12, Colorado.

PAULA has certainly been doing some useful learning—since she seems to understand how important it is to know how to keep one's mouth shut. She may find comfort in knowing that other folks, too, sometimes feel sorry for words better left unsaid.

Naturally, Paula wants her friends to have confidence in her and she realizes it is good to know when to say what—and to whom. All girls need to learn self-control, in order to develop strength of character and to grow in graciousness and in the esteem of their friends. We don't know just what it is that Paula says or what prompts her to say it.

It is important, first of all, to be healthy, not to be over-fatigued, to have a well-balanced diet, to have plenty of active outdoor play, and to find interesting things to do—perhaps to engage in some hobby or to work for some school or neighborhood cause—to provide subjects for useful talk.

Some people have a harder time than others keeping their words in check; and they need longer to learn how, so that it is necessary for them to work on this problem. We once knew a young girl who often burst out with some thoughtless remark to a really precious friend. She learned to think twice when, at one time, she caught the hurt expression on her pal's face and realized how deeply careless speech had offended her friend. Talking things over frankly, having a good sense of humor, and not seeing and hearing every little thing—all these things help, too. No doubt Paula is a fine, understanding friend.

Let's hope she gets opportunities for talking in good ways. Then, if and when she forgets herself and does the opposite, she should say—and feel—that she is sorry, and let her friends know she is trying to improve.

Everyone says I always look sad and gloomy, although I don't feel that way. I try to have a sense of humor but I guess I just don't know how.
—Zaida H., aged 14, Iowa.

THERE have been vast numbers of serious-minded people who have also been great humorists. Some come readily to mind—Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain. The humor of Charlie Chaplin has a real sadness.

Many a person who may not be a "humorist" nevertheless can chuckle merrily over a good story, laugh at a grotesque dance, a funny cartoon. To be able to laugh at oneself is a good thing, too.

We hope Zaida will not feel too disturbed or overanxious about acquiring a sense of the comic. Instead, she should try to keep physically well, find pleasure in her work and her play, make friends, and read good books. The more she becomes a happy, busy, well-balanced girl, develops self-respect and poise, the more likely she will be to acquire that coveted sense of humor.

(Continued on page 58)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

BACKSTAGE
WITH THE

ROCKETTES



SINCE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL OPENED IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1932, MORE THAN 62,000,000 PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE VISITED THE GREAT THEATER AND GONE AWAY TO SHOUT THE PRAISES OF THE LOVELY ROCKETTES, THE MUSIC HALL'S FAMOUS TROUPE OF PRECISION DANCERS

THE ROCKETTES ARE GIRLS FROM ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES. THEY RANGE IN AGE FROM EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY-THREE, AND ARE CHOSEN FOR THEIR DANCING ABILITY AND THEIR GOOD LOOKS.



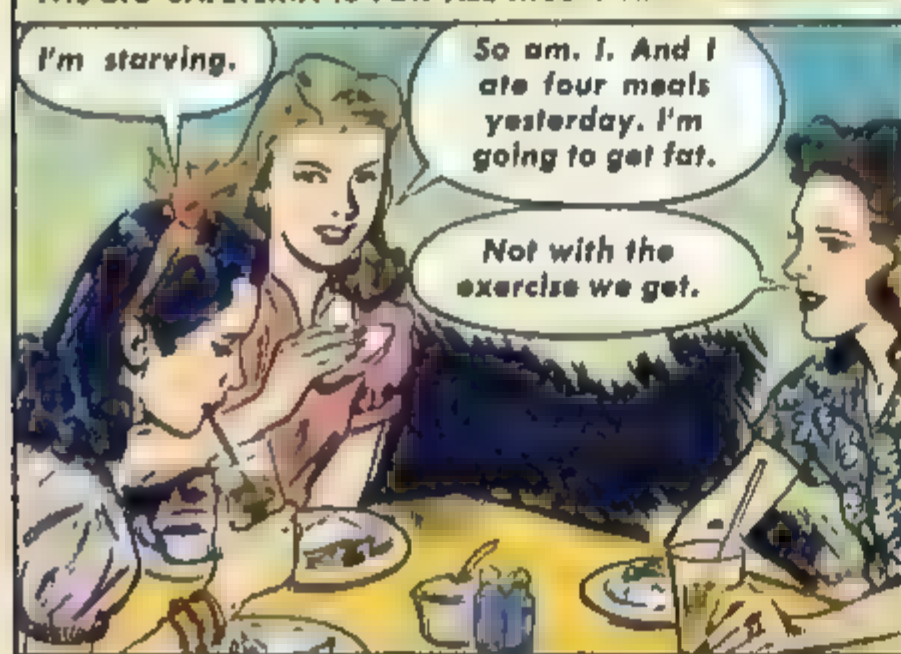
INTENSE WORK IS NECESSARY TO ATTAIN THE PERFECT DANCING UNISON THAT HAS MADE THEIR FAME. THEY HAVE ONLY FOUR DAYS' REHEARSAL FOR EACH NEW WEEKLY SHOW . . . AND THE REHEARSALS MUST BE SANDWICHED IN BETWEEN FOUR-A-DAY PERFORMANCES!



ON REHEARSAL DAYS, WORK STARTS AT 10 A.M. AFTER TWO HOURS' PRACTICE . . .



THE BIG CAFETERIA IS FOR ALL MUSIC HALL EMPLOYEES.



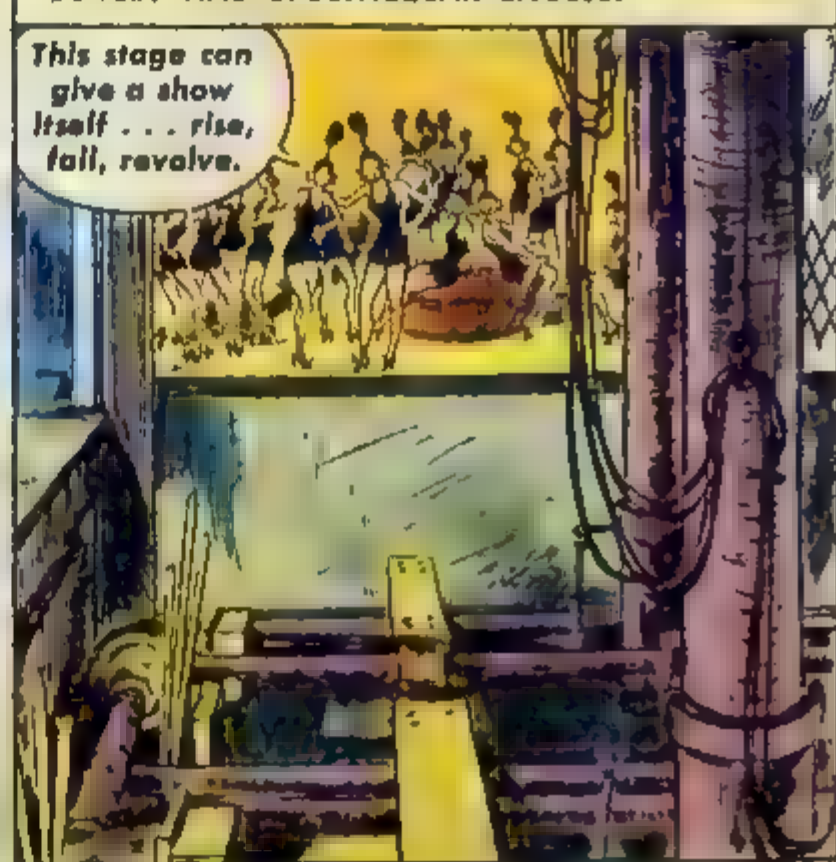
COSTUMES ARE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR EACH NEW SHOW. FORTY SEAMSTRESSES IN THE COSTUME DEPARTMENT MAKE AND FIT THEM.



THE ROCKETTES HAVE A LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE DRESSING ROOM, WHERE LOUD-SPEAKERS BROADCAST THE STAGE SHOW TO CUE THE GIRLS FOR ENTRANCES.



GIANT ELEVATORS LIFT AND LOWER THE THREE SECTIONS OF THE MUSIC HALL STAGE TO BRING THE PERFORMERS TO VIEW, CREATING MANY LOVELY AND SPECTACULAR EFFECTS.



ON NON-REHEARSAL DAYS, THE GIRLS ARE FREE BETWEEN SHOWS. SOME CHOOSE TO PRACTICE OR PLAY GAMES IN THE PLAYGROUND ON THE ROOF OF THE MUSIC HALL.



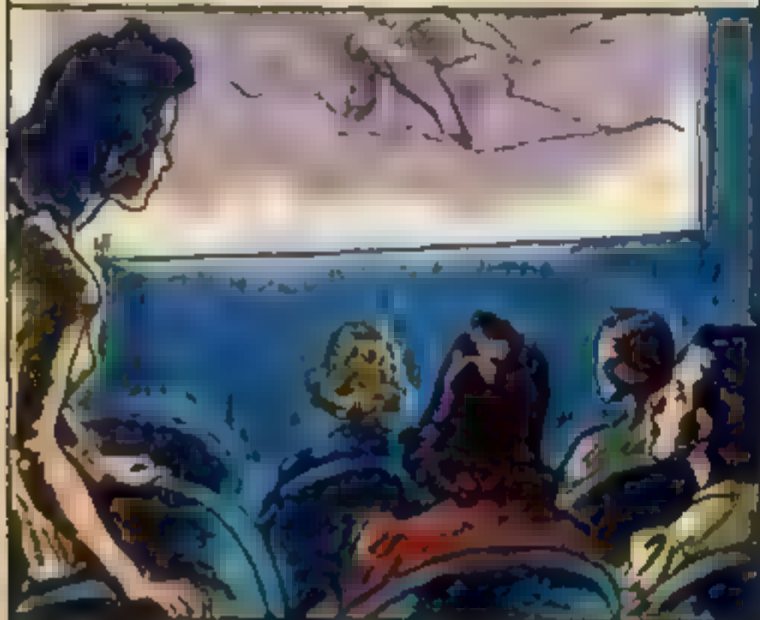
THEY CAN REST BETWEEN SHOWS IN THEIR OWN DORMITORY . . .



OR RELAX IN THEIR RECREATION ROOM . . .



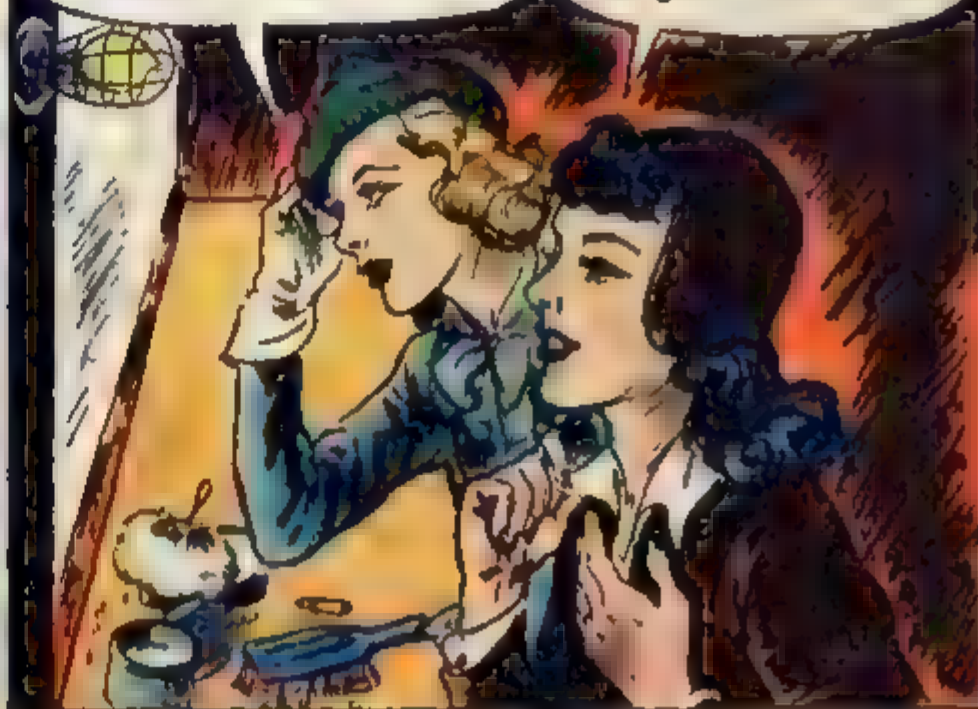
IF NO EXTRA WORK IS NEEDED ON THE ROUTINE, BETWEEN THE EVENING SHOWS THEY CAN SEE A MOVIE IN THE THEATER'S OWN PREVIEW ROOM.



THEIR SEVEN-DAY WEEK DOESN'T END UNTIL 10:45 P.M. BUT THEY HAVE EVERY THIRD WEEK FREE.

Well, Dot, it's our turn to be among the missing ten.

Do you think the show can go on without us?



EVEN TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MUSIC HALL STAFF, THE ROCKETTES ARE MORE THAN "JUST ANOTHER CHORUS."

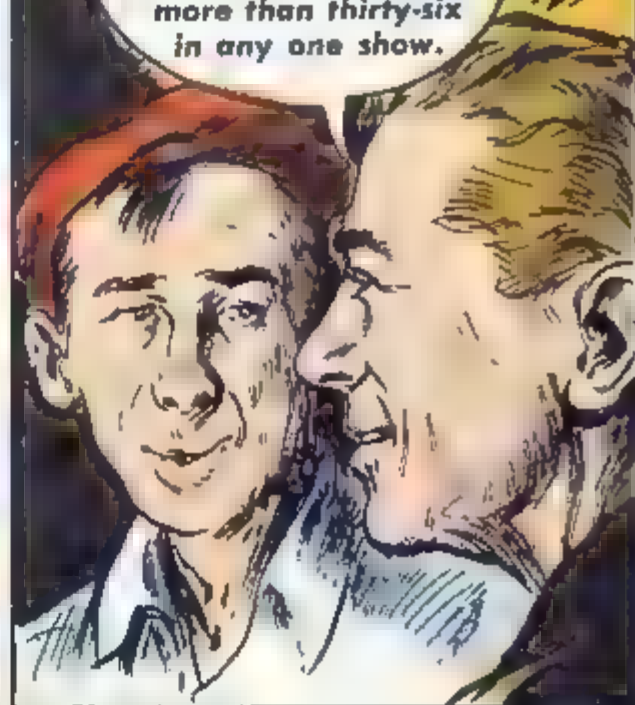
They sure are something . . . all of them working just as one girl.

Thirty-six in one.



I thought there were forty-six in the troupe.

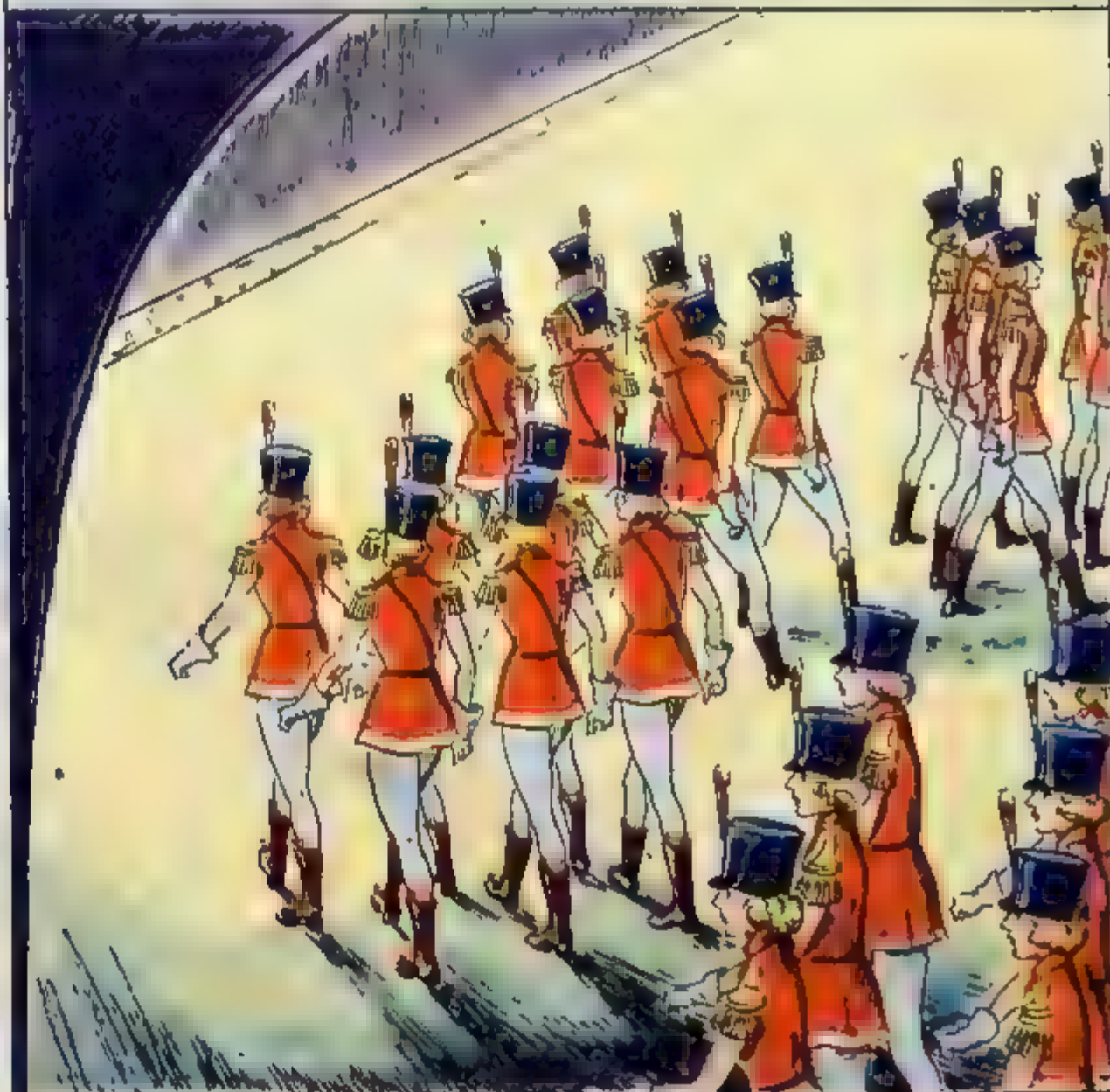
That's right, but because of their time-off system, there are never more than thirty-six in any one show.



BUT THERE IS NO OPTICAL ILLUSION ABOUT THE ROCKETTES' DANCING. THEY HAVE WELL EARNED THE FAME THAT IS THEIRS.

How do they find so many girls just the same size?

Fooled you, did they? The girls on the end are 5'3"; the ones in the middle, 5'6". They all look the same size, but it's an optical illusion.





HAPPY Accident

A story about one spilled glass of punch that was nothing to cry over because it helped a girl to find her own style

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Author of "Linda Marsh" and "Gay Design"

RONNIE stared at her reflection in the mirror, and her eyes were sultry. For the thousandth time she wished that she were small and daintily made, with small feet and ankles and a narrow waist. A figure like a drink of water, and something piquant—a pert nose, perhaps, or tiny ears—to top it off.

She might as well be a dray horse, she thought with dissatisfaction. Her shoulders were broad, much too broad. And her waist was—well, ample, and her wristbones prominent. She had a long jaw and a well-built nose. She was big. Not fat, but big, and she hated the word.

The noises of a busy afternoon in a small town came through the open window. Boys and girls from Glenwood High going home paired off in twos or spread across the sidewalk in chummy groups. She should have been one of them, but she wasn't. She wasn't in anything. She had looked forward with a certain amount of dread to moving to Glenwood, and it had certainly come up to expectations.

She would have given her eyeteeth to get in with Dana Jerrold and Gene Turnbull and their gang. They represented everything she longed for and wanted to be. Some of them talked to her, of course, they were pleasant in class; and for a little while she had actually thought Dana might pull her into the circle. But it hadn't worked out that way. As for Gene, he was so popular—class president and track star and

all that—he could take his choice. He lived just down the block, but a lot of good that did. He'd spoken to her a couple of times and picked up her books one day in the corridor, but he didn't really "see her."

The telephone rang, and she turned away from the mirror in relief. She nearly dropped the instrument when she discovered it was Dana.

"Hello there, Ronnie! Doing

anything special Saturday?"

What was there to do? She hated to admit it, but she said bravely, "No. Why?"

"It's my birthday, and Mother and Dad thought it would be fun to go in to New York for a bang-up celebration, but I voted for a dance here at home. The gang will be here. Formal—nine o'clock. Can you come?"

"Oh, Dana." Ronnie's voice



Suddenly Ronnie stopped, her hand to her cheek, her eyes stricken. Why, she was a last-minute choice of Dana's!

was breathless, "I'd love to! It's sweet of you to ask me!"

Ronnie hung up in a daze. This marked the beginning! A party at Dana's house. She'd have to get a new formal. Something swanky. Thank goodness her allowance was practically intact. Ever since her mother had died three years ago she had managed her own clothes budget as well as the household expenses. She'd go down right away to Miss Kay's Shoppe.

Suddenly she stopped, her hand to her cheek, her eyes stricken. Saturday night! Why, that was only four days away. She was a last-minute choice of Dana's. Somebody must have dropped out and Dana, to keep the couples equal, had cast around desperately for someone to fill in. She could imagine Dana saying wildly, "Now who? . . . Well, that new girl—she might do. Anyhow, I've got to have somebody."

On Main Street Ronnie almost bumped into Gene Turnbull. "Have a care, lady! Can't you look where you're going?" he grinned at her. Gosh, he was good-looking! No wonder all the girls were keen about him. She stood, tongue-tied and furious at herself, trying to think of something to say that would hold him there a little. But after that first sally, he grew uncomfortable, too. "Going to Dana's brawl?" he asked at last.

"Yes," she breathed happily. "Yes, I am." Perhaps he would ask to take her—after all, he lived so close by.

"Well," he said awkwardly, "well—uh, see you there." And he was gone.

There were two dresses displayed in Miss Kay's window. And one of them was Ronnie's dream dress. It was just the sort of dress she had always wanted—a tight bodice, shoulder straps of little velvet flowers of many colors, ruffles over the

upper arm. The girdle had a woven mass of the same tiny flowers, and they fell over the billowing blue skirt, built of tier upon tier of sheerest net.

"If only it will fit, if only it will fit," she repeated under her breath in a kind of wordless prayer as Miss Kay herself slipped it over her head. "But made for you!" Miss Kay sighed rapturously.

Ronnie pulled in her stomach and tried not to let it out as Miss Kay pulled and pushed and finally got the zipper closed down the back.

"It's rather tight," Ronnie said doubtfully. "I don't think—I'm sure I couldn't breathe this way."

"But my dear, what is that?" Miss Kay said airily. "A mere trifle. See, I will fix it for you. Slit it here, run another row of flowers down the side—fortunately, I have some velvet just the right shades—and you'll never know the difference."

"Well," said Ronnie slowly. "Maybe that would help." But still something was wrong.

Miss Kay read the doubt in her face. "When you've put on a touch of powder, my dear—just a dusting, you know, over that charming skin—and a touch, a mere touch of color on the lips for evening, a dab of perfume, your slippers—oh, can't you just see it?"

The dress. Alterations. New hose. It was going to mount up, in spite of that deceptively low price in the window. But Ronnie thrust out her chin resolutely. She was due for a special treat to herself. And so much would depend on this formal.

As the taxi wound up the Jerrolds' drive Saturday night, Ronnie knew a moment of utter panic. How would she face it? Who was going to be there? Why hadn't Dana given her some idea? And it was going to be awkward, arriving alone this way. Was she late or early? She couldn't be sure. If only Dana had arranged for one of the boys to call for her. But perhaps none of them had

(Continued on page 26)

Someone pushed him from behind, and the liquid spurted over the bodice of Ronnie's dress and down the tiered skirt.



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

The CAVES SECRET

WATCH OUT FOR THAT WIRE, QUICKIE

OOPS!

OUR HERO "R.C." AND HIS PAL "QUICKIE" ARE TAKING A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR THEIR CAMP. SUDDENLY QUICKIE TRIPS

WELL, WHATTA KNOW! THE WIRE GOES INTO THIS CAVE

AND THAT GUY AT THE RADIO LOOKS PLENTY JAPANESE TO ME. WHAT'LL WE DO?

I'LL CUT THE WIRE. THAT OUGHT TO BRING HIM OUT TO SEE WHAT'S UP AND THEN WE'LL...

SNIP!

SHH! HERE HE COMES

GOSH - WISH I WAS BACK AT THE CANTEN DRINKING ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW!

●●●●● SOMETHING WRONG WITH RADIO

OK, YOU JAP RAT! MAYBE THIS WILL TAKE THAT SILLY GRIN OFF YOUR FACE

THIS IS ONE I LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL. HOW DO YOU LIKE, TOJO?

I GOT THE RADIO FOR EVIDENCE, "R.C." MAYBE WE'LL GET A MEDAL OR SOMETHING

LET'S TURN TOJO HERE OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES AND THEN WE'LL GET SOMETHING BETTER THAN A MEDAL!

NOW I GET IT, "R.C." THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE IS BETTER—YOU CAN'T DRINK A MEDAL

NOT BETTER, QUICKIE IT'S THE BEST! THE BEST TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET

WESTERN STAR
JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:

HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

"Yes, kids, Royal Crown Cola's the champ all right!" says Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny tasted leading colas without knowing which was which, and picked Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting. Try it today.

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

HAPPY ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 24)

wanted to call for her. In her mind she could hear them protesting, "Ronnie? Gosh, why pick on me?"

Dana looked stunning, Ronnie thought with a flash of appreciation, simply stunning in a thick gold-colored dress that brought out her long slim lines and coppery hair. It was very simple—it must be the cut that made it so effective. Or else Dana was one of those lucky people who could wear anything. She always did look like something out of a magazine.

Dana took her up to a group and thrust her into their midst with an airy, "You know everybody, I think, Ronnie; and if you don't, speak to them anyhow," and was off to greet her new arrivals.

The group tossed her careless greetings and resumed their conversations. Ronnie listened, in mounting bewilderment; half a dozen of them were going on at once.

"Jiggsey Martin said the screwiest thing yesterday . . ."

"How should I know? I've been up to my ears . . ."

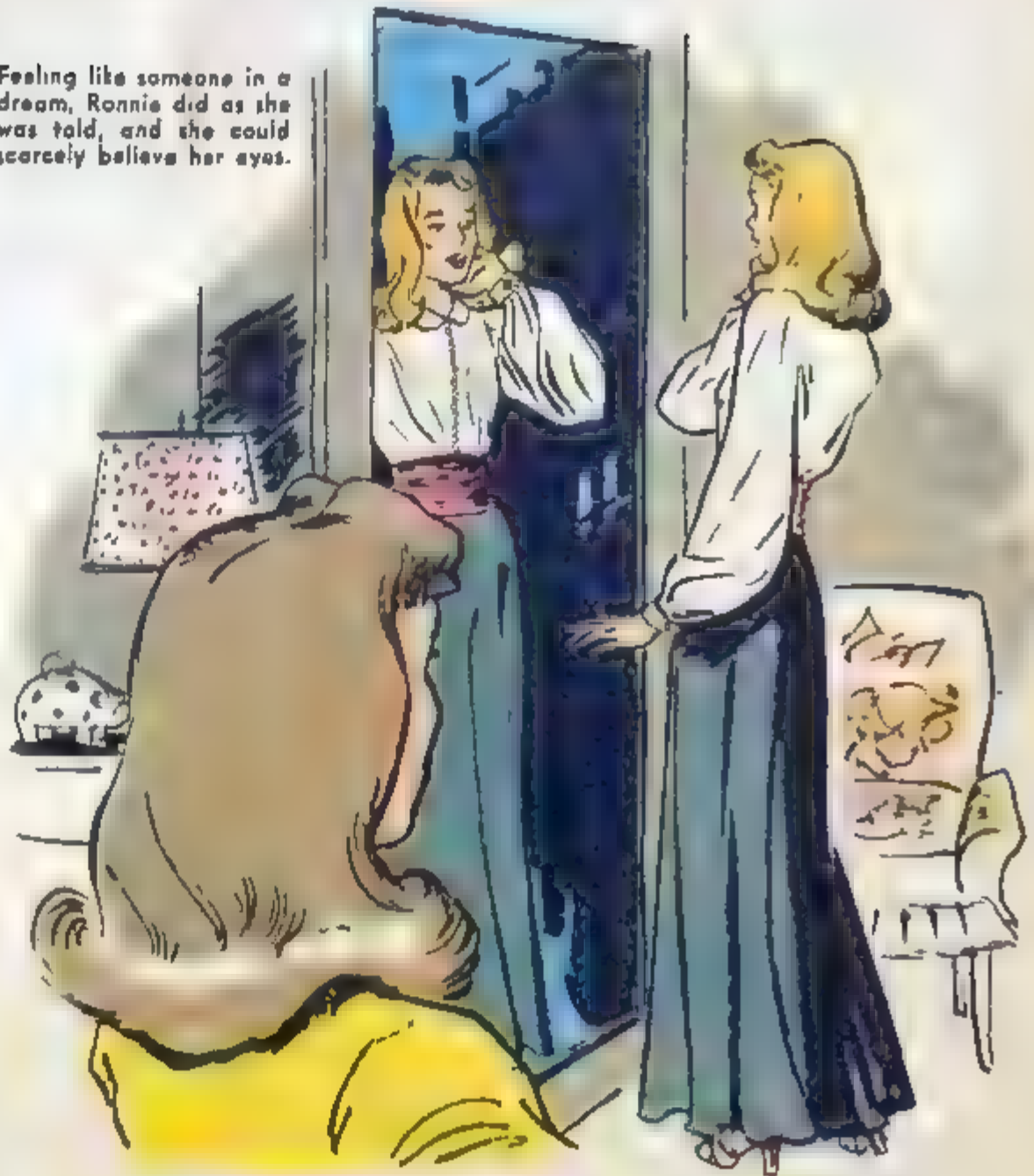
"What did he do it for? . . ."

The words bubbled and flowed around her, leaving her high and dry, on an isolated island. They didn't mean to be cruel, she knew; but they all had the same interests and they were so closely knit that the most ridiculous jumble of words meant something. She wanted to break away—they probably wouldn't even know she had gone—but she could not move from the spot where she stood. Now her whole attention was focused on whether or not she would be asked to dance, or left standing alone.

But Dana, like a good hostess, had decided that a conga would be first. She put on a record and they wound, swaying and stamping, through the rooms. At the end, Ronnie found herself up against the mantel, faced by Jiggsey Martin. The music started again, but he did not ask her to dance.

"Punch?" he inquired. "Any

Feeling like someone in a dream, Ronnie did as she was told, and she could scarcely believe her eyes.



special kind—if I have a choice?"

"Just wet," she answered, and watched him battling his way across the room and through the crowd around the punch table.

When he came back he carried two glasses, brimming full. "One for you, and one for me," he said, presenting the first with something of a flourish.

Someone pushed him from behind, and the liquid spurted down the bodice of Ronnie's dress, over the girdle and down the tiered skirt. She watched the widening purple stain with a kind of fascinated horror.

"Oh, I'm sorry—I'm darn sorry," Jiggsey muttered, in agonized confusion.

Dana came up, sensing confusion. "What happened? Oh, Ronnie, your dress! How awful! That is a mean shame."

"It—it was wet punch all right," Ronnie managed.

"You're a sport," Jiggsey said gratefully. "But gosh, I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"We'll have it sent to the cleaner," Dana said firmly. "Come with me, Ronnie; you can't stay in a damp dress like that. I'll find something for you to put on. We're pretty much of a size."

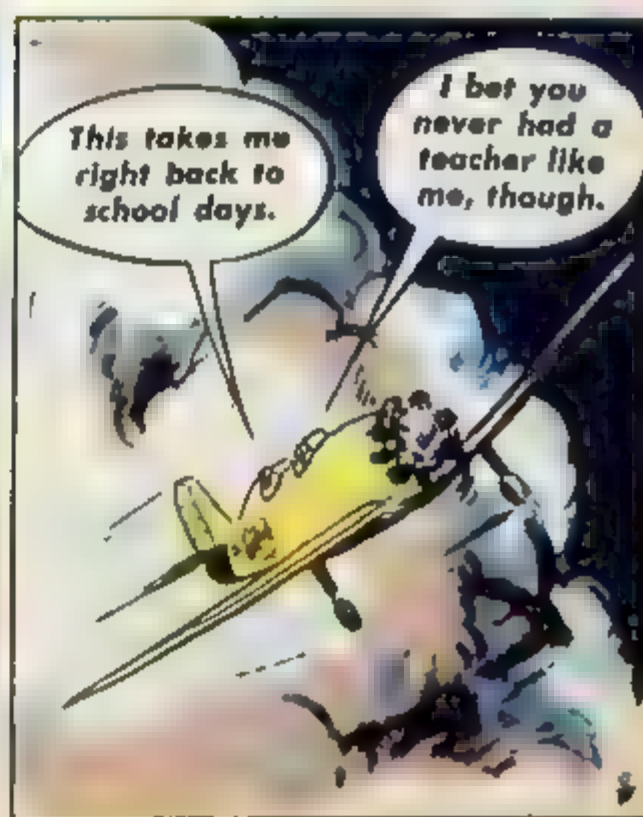
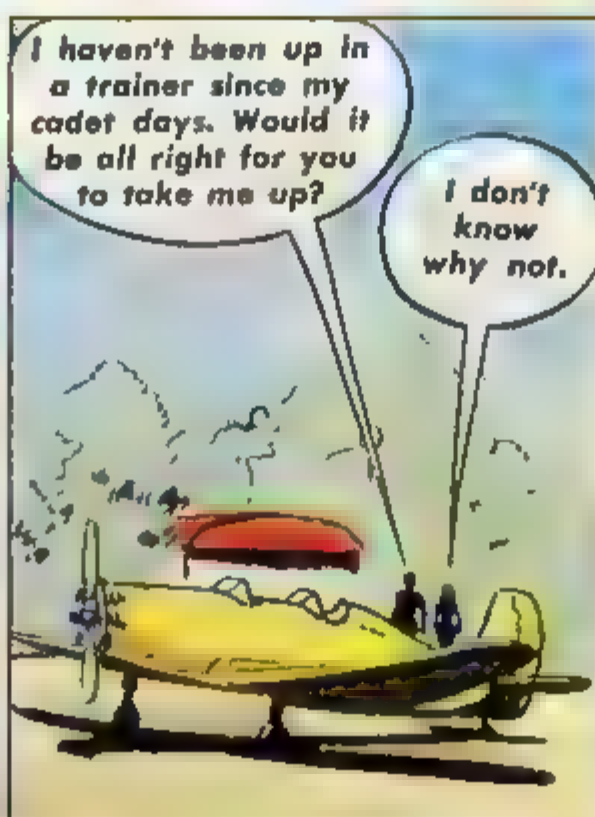
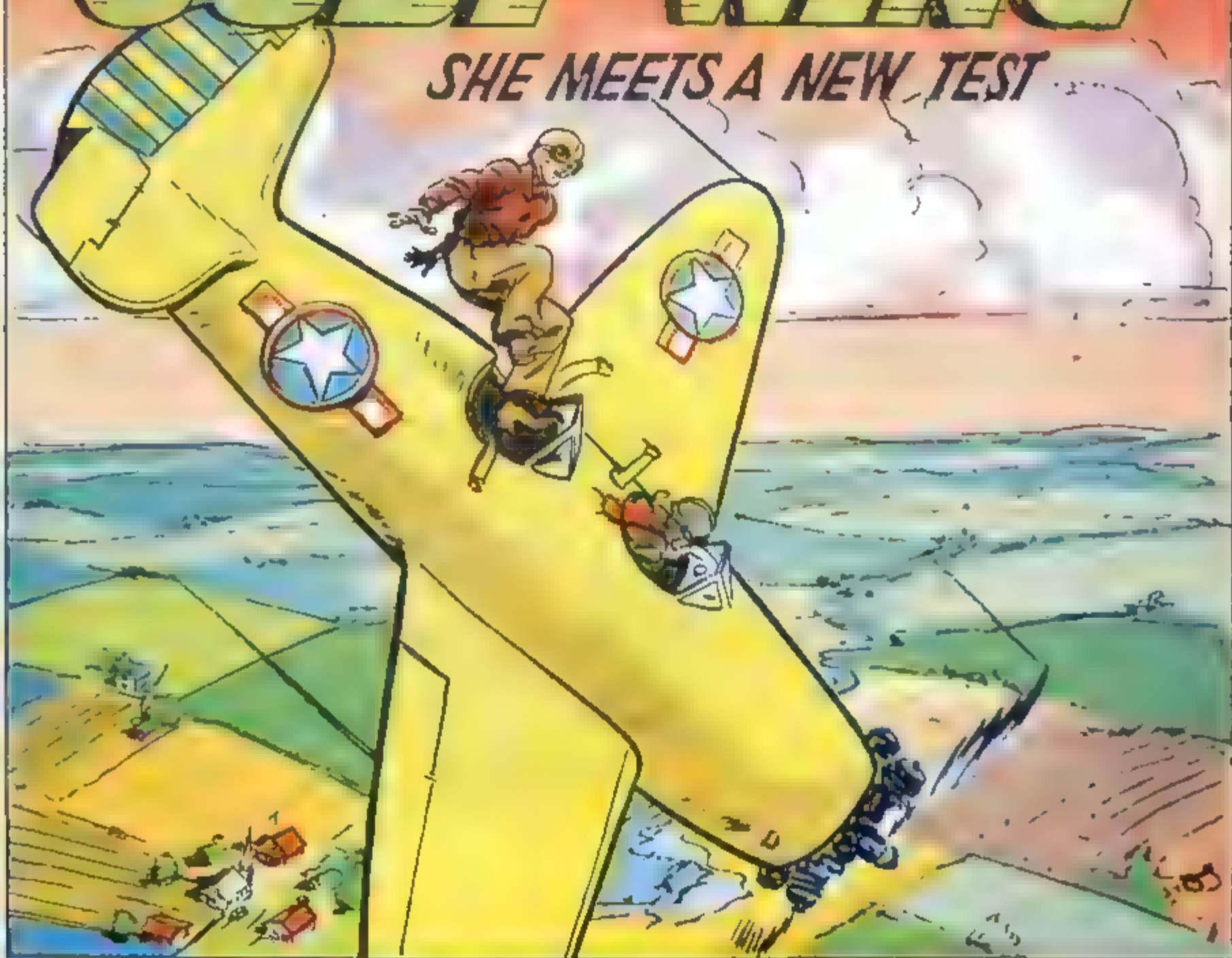
Dana flung open her closet. "I'd say take your pick," she said, running her hand over the row of dresses, "but I know you wouldn't. It was such a lovely dress," she mourned. Even in her absorption, Ronnie noticed that Dana hadn't said it was becoming—only that it was a lovely dress.

"I think I know the very thing for you," she went on, "if it fits, and it ought to." She

(Continued on page 48)

JUDY WING

SHE MEETS A NEW TEST



Time to go back.

Okey, if we must.

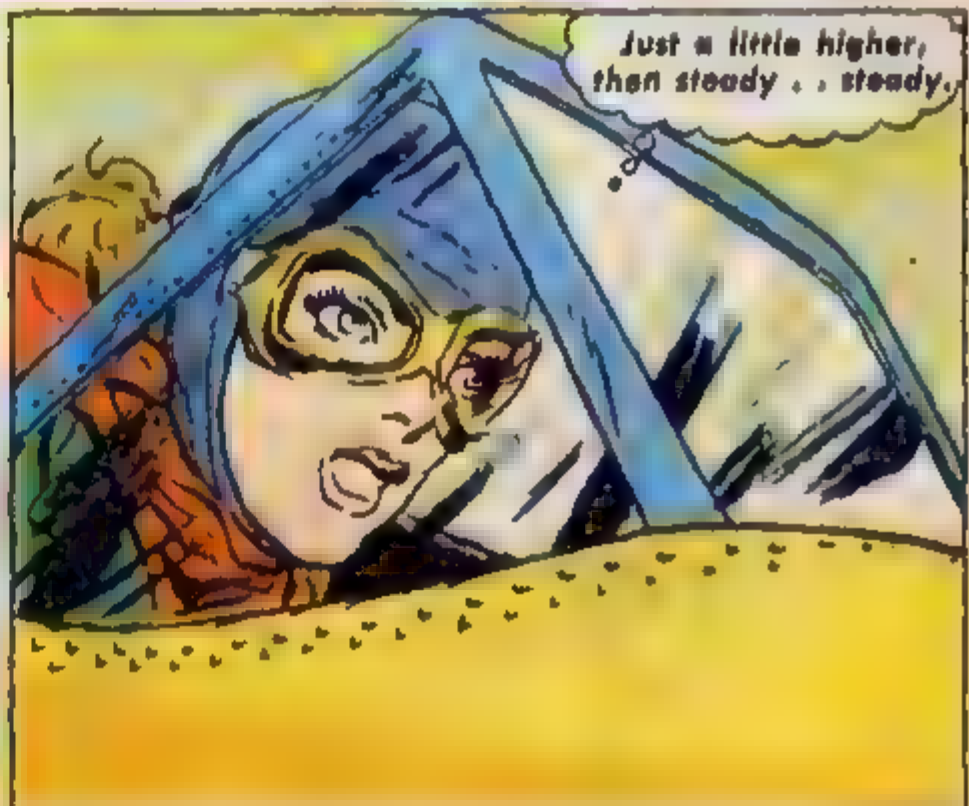
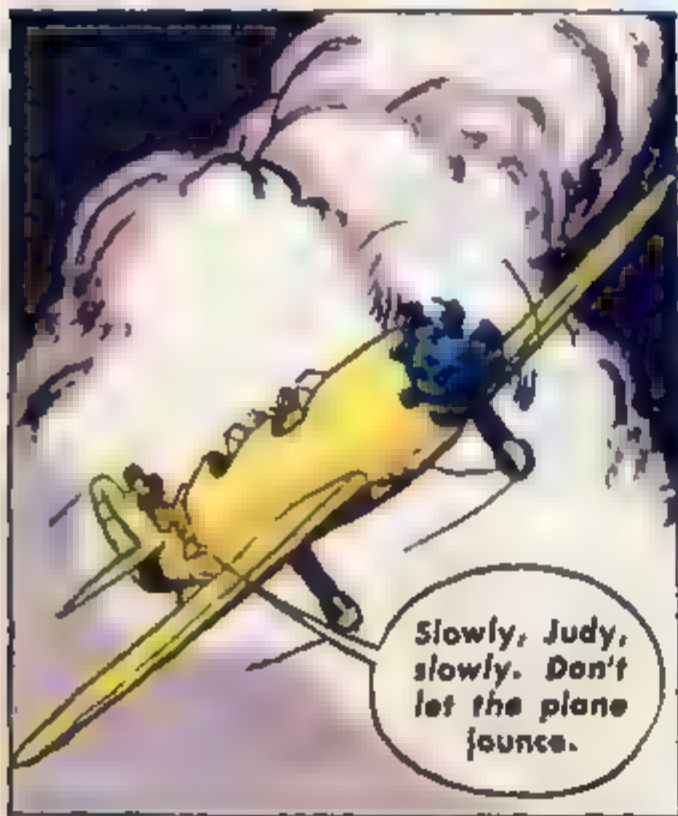
TED DIDN'T REALIZE IT BUT AS HE STRETCHED UP . . .

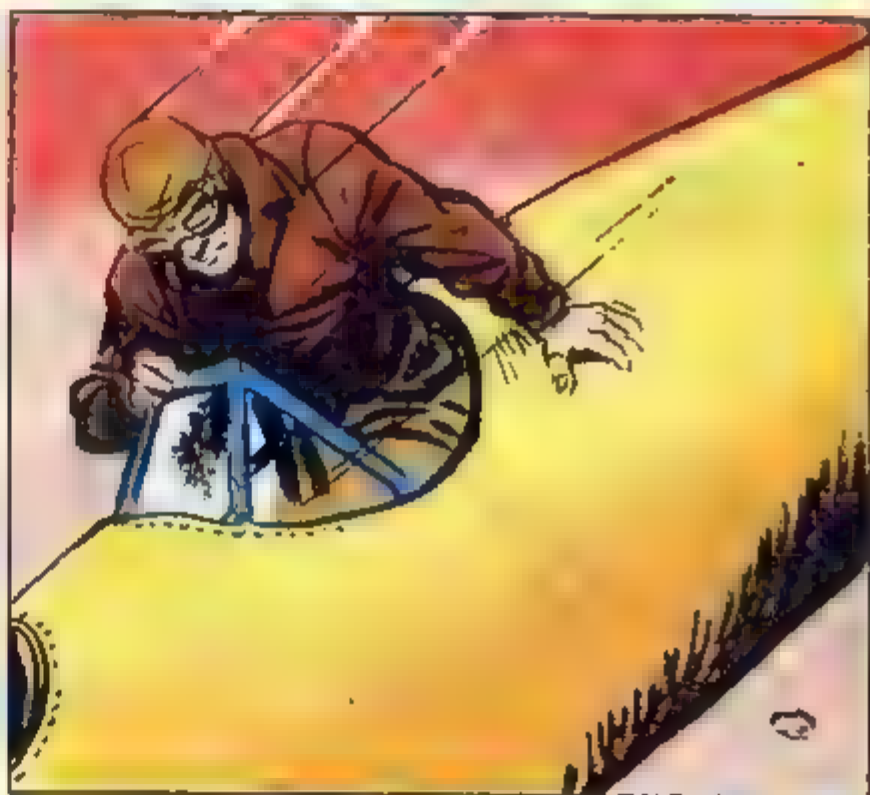
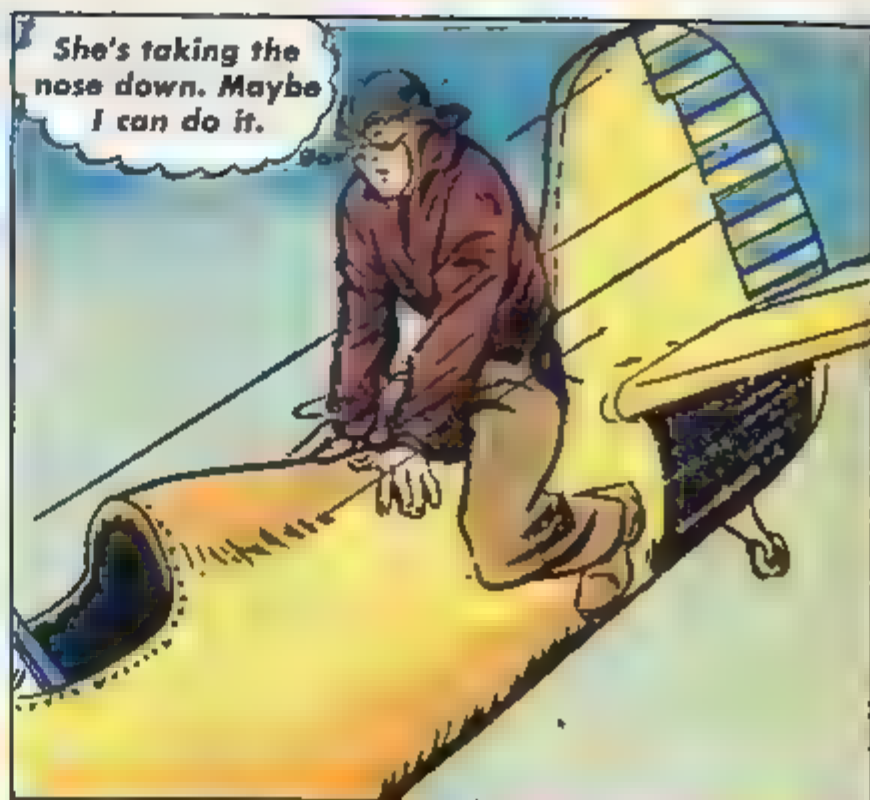
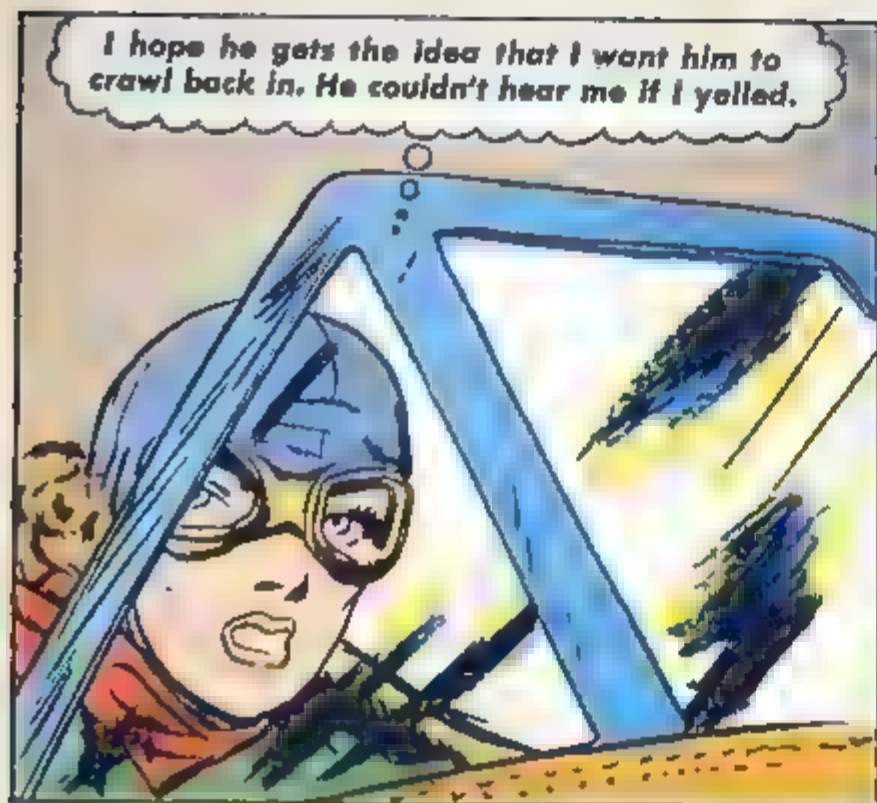
There's the field.
I'm going in for
a landing.

Ohmigosh. My safety
belt's unfastened.

Ted!

He's fallen out . . . but he's
got a hold!





More about Judy Wing in the next issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, out about the first of March.



"He came to see my Brother!"

HE DOESN'T know I'm alive," mutters Bonnie. Well, maybe the girl has something there. She isn't really alive. No zip, no come-on. Bonnie's mother says she doesn't eat properly. Perhaps that explains why she doesn't click. A gal needs groceries. Three good meals daily—beginning with breakfast. That's advice straight from Uncle Sam.

Been cold-shouldering breakfast? Don't be like that! Breakfast can be fun. Especially when you include a glass of sparkly fruit juice and a whopperoo of a bowl brimful of Wheaties!

Good? But definitely! Wheaties

have a smoooooth flavor. Rich, toasty, zingy. Big sunshiny flakes, crisp and crunchy.

Lots of what it takes in this breakfast dish! Real rib-sticking nourishment. Wheaties are flakes of whole wheat. With food-energy galore. You need plenty of that, if you are to rise 'n shine. Also vitamins, minerals, proteins.

Swell that you can help yourself to all this good nourishment every morning—and have a whee of a

time doing it. Yes, with Wheaties! America's favorite whole wheat flakes. They are the choice of many a go-getter gal.

Head for the fun! Start eating right. Have yourself a nourishing breakfast. Including Wheaties, with milk and fruit.

And look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 519, Minneapolis 15, Minn. And send today!

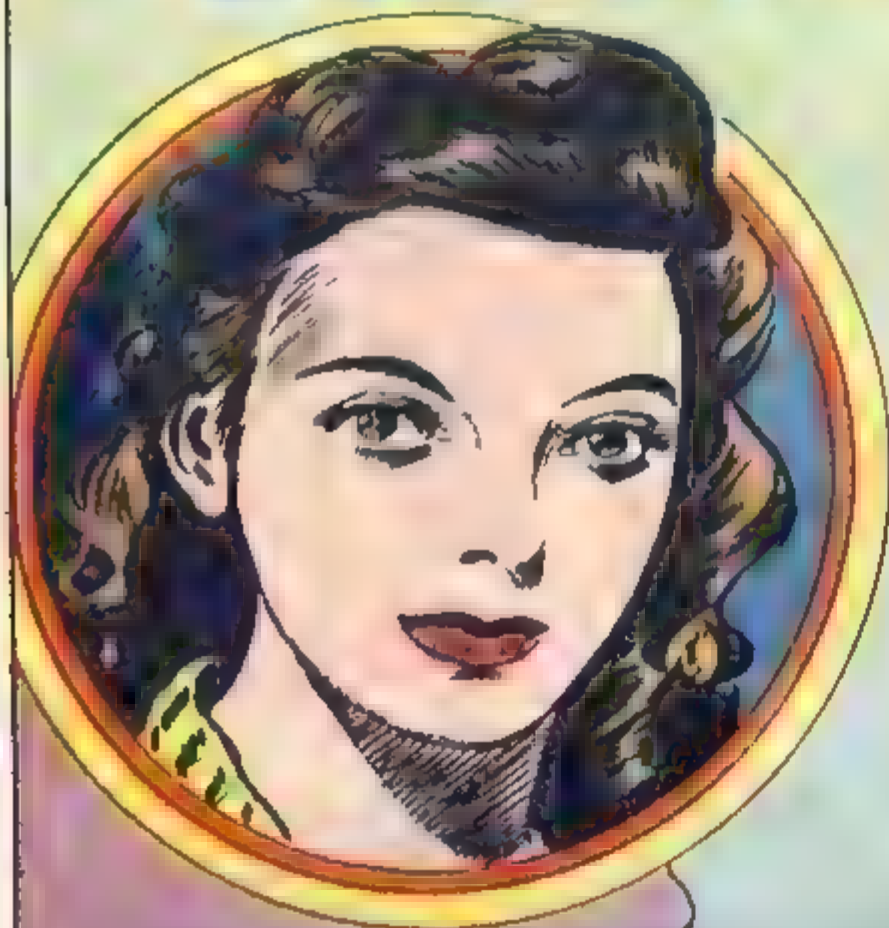


GET IN THE GROOVE WITH

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

A YANK ON MALTA



THE TRUE STORY OF NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD FRANCES MAMO OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., WHO SPENT FOUR YEARS AT THE "MOST BOMBED SPOT IN THE WORLD" . . . THE BRITISH ISLAND OF MALTA



ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1939, FRANCES AND HER MOTHER PAID A VISIT TO RELATIVES.

There's Malta, Frances! Your native land.

Isn't it lovely, Mother? Oh, I'm so glad we came!

Frances, dear, how you've grown up!

It's been a long time, Grandmother! Remember, I was only four when we moved to America.

BUT TWO DAYS LATER, THE HAPPY HOLIDAY WAS INTERRUPTED BY . . .

England and France have declared war on Germany!

War! Oh, Frances, I should never have brought you here.

But this island is so tiny. The war won't come here.

FRANCES WAS BADLY MISTAKEN. MALTA'S POSITION MADE IT AN IMMEDIATE TARGET FOR NAZI RAIDS!

Nazi planes! There must be hundreds of them! The beautiful carrier "Illustrious" will surely be sunk.

Come, Frances. We must get under cover.

Shh. I have a German station.

... Our magnificent air fleet will make the port of Valetta the graveyard of the aircraft carrier "Illustrious."

AFTER THE RAID ...

Oh, these poor people.

But Frances, look, the "Illustrious" is still afloat! The Maltese defenses won out.

I want to help. What can I do?

Why don't you see if you can work with Women's Auxiliary Air Force, over at the RAF fighter operations room?

AND THE WAAF WELCOMED HER HELP.

Here's where you will work charting flights of enemy planes. We had six planes when the war started, but we're down to three now.

Those three will have to be our Faith, Hope, and Charity.

FOR MONTHS, MALTA DEFENDED ITSELF AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS OF DEVASTATING NAZI RAIDS. ONE DAY ...

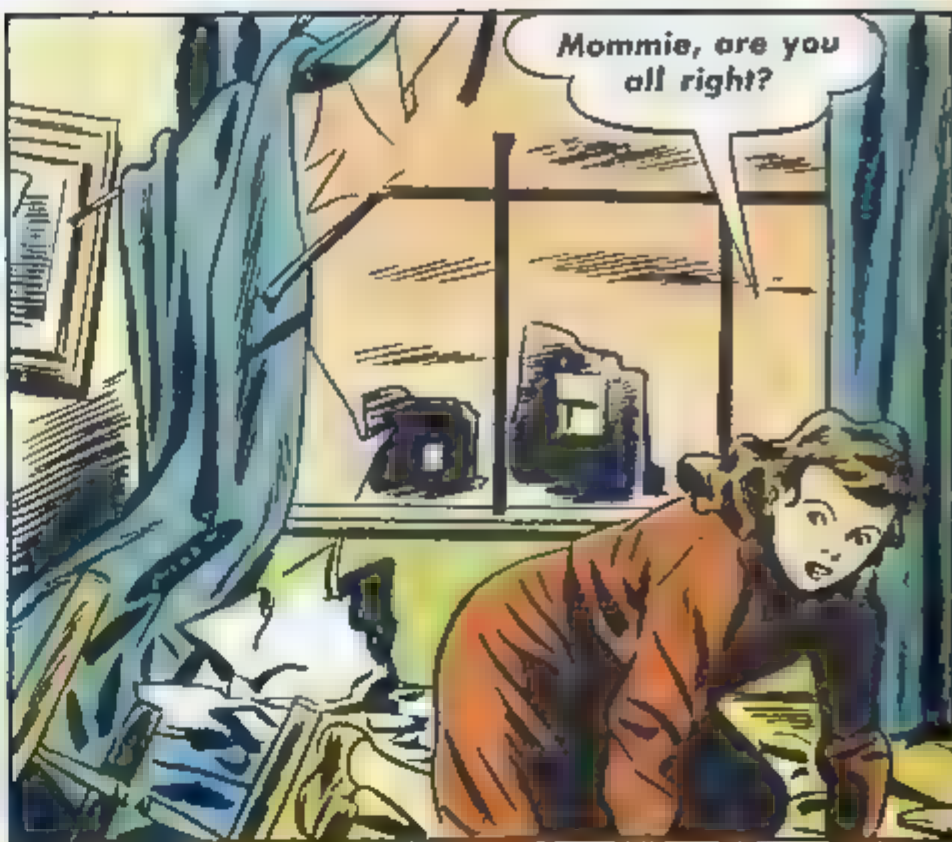
Mother, the RAF have nicknamed me Yankee Doodle, because I am the only American woman working with them. Oh ... don't you feel well?

AS TIME WENT ON, FRANCES' MOTHER BECAME MORE AND MORE ILL.

Mother's in so much pain . . . If only these raids would stop so she could get some rest.



Mommie, are you all right?



It's so terrifying . . . horrible. If only we could get passports to leave Malta.

Someday, Mommie. But now I'm going to take you to the hospital. You'll be better off there.

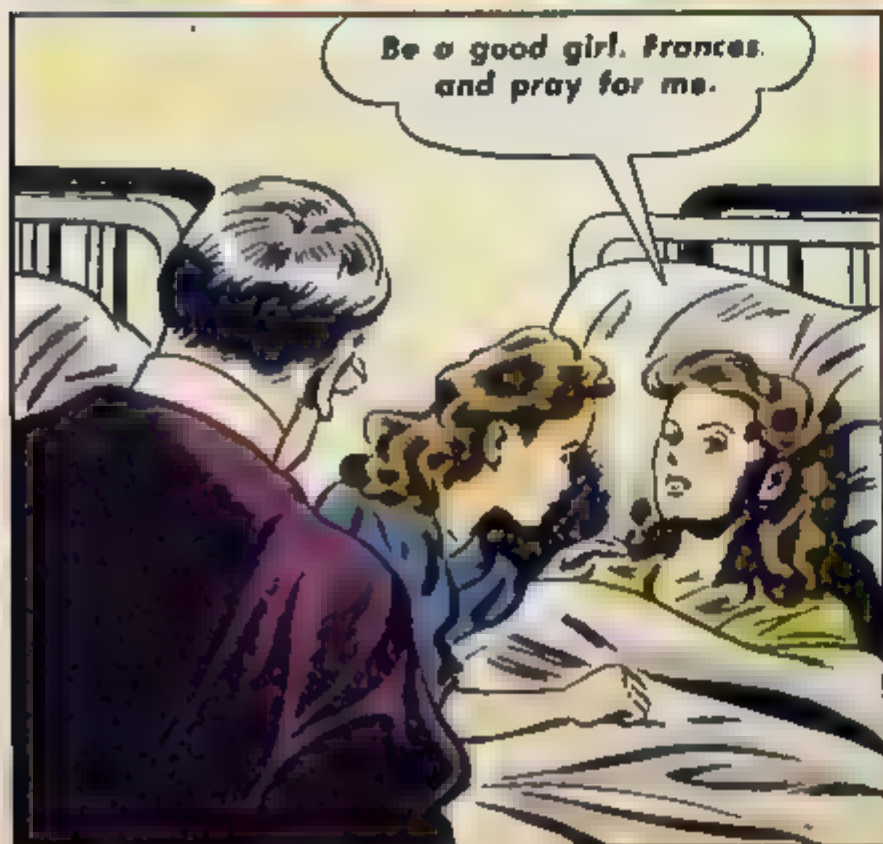


THEN ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR . . .

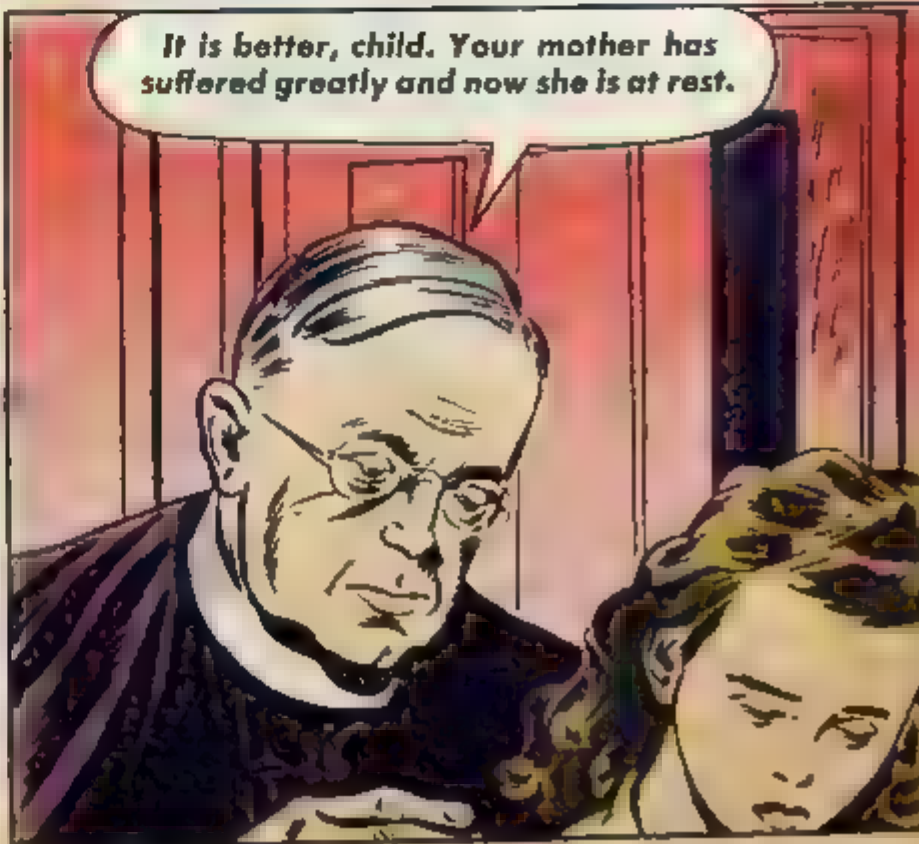
Yankee, you're wanted at the hospital. I'm afraid . . . your mother's had a relapse.

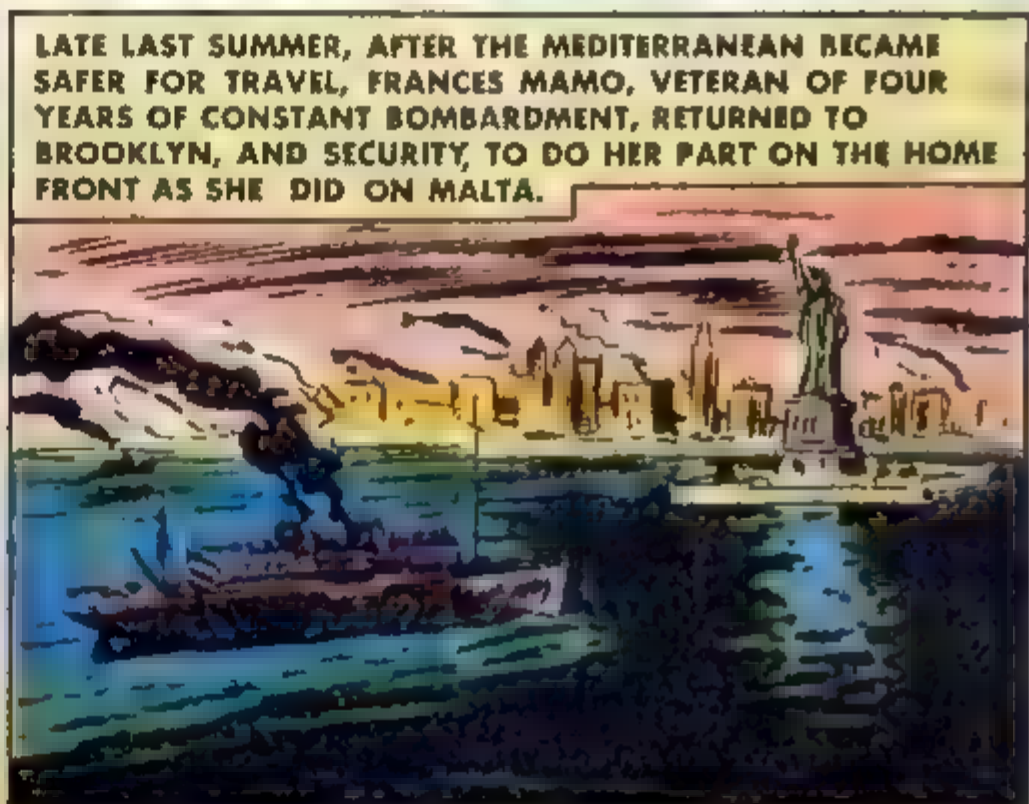
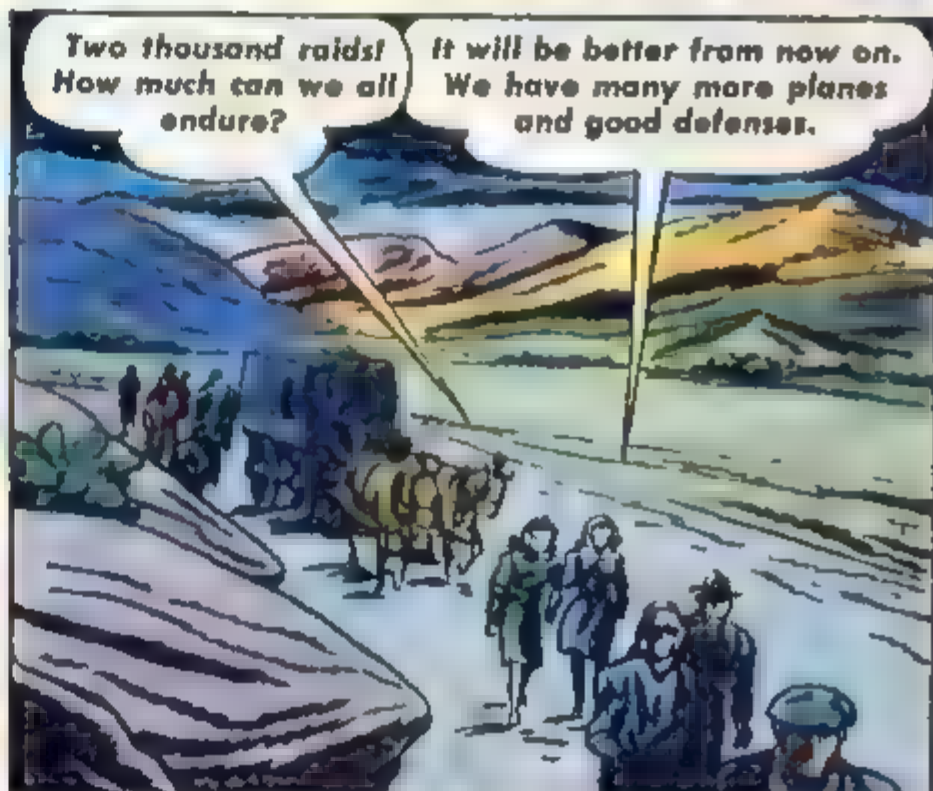
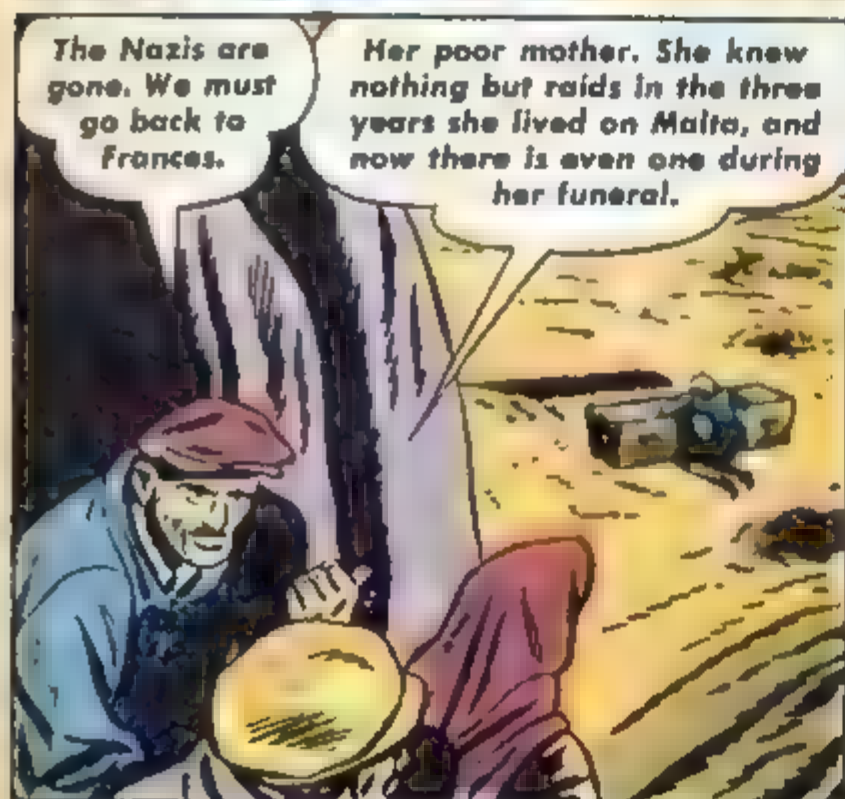
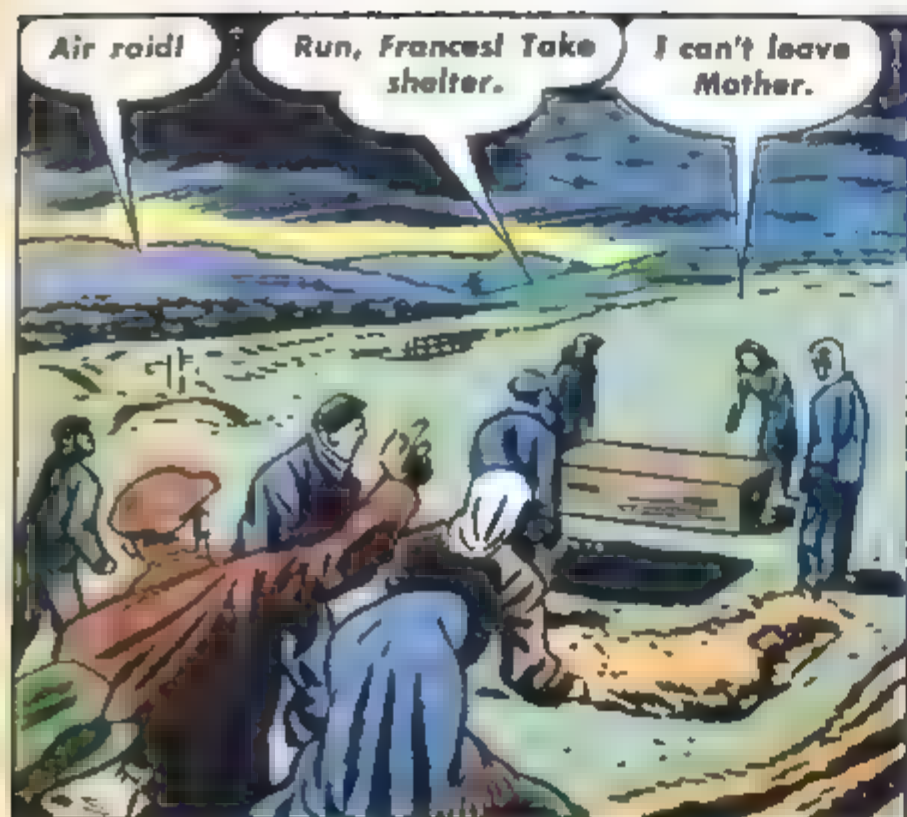


Be a good girl, Frances, and pray for me.



It is better, child. Your mother has suffered greatly and now she is at rest.





THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

(Continued from page 14)

tern, the kind campers use at night. So that was the mysterious light on the island! The monkey leaped onto its master's shoulder and curled its tail around his neck.

"Too bad it can't choke him," Jill thought.

Her attention wandered to the door. She saw a figure standing in the shadows. For a moment Jill had a wild idea that she, too, was going crazy. It must be a hallucination. Or was there another member to this mad quartet? She saw the muzzle of a gun come forward and a hand reach for the revolver on the table. The next instant the sheriff stepped into the room.

"Put 'em up," he said brandishing the two guns.

"E-e-e-e-e!" The old woman screeched and threw up her arms, scattering the rags and ribbons about her.

Mr. Ecks, with his back to the rest of the room, could not see Sheriff Tompers. "Lali," he said, turning his head slightly and looking at her with a pained expression, "you're disturbing me." He flicked an imaginary speck of dust off his sleeve and then his hand was arrested by a voice strange to his ears.

"Get the young folks untied," the sheriff said to Tom Jenkins who had followed him into the room.

With a violent start Mr Ecks sprang from his chair. His eyes darted to the table where he had left the revolver, but the gun was gone. Savagely he lunged forward, but the sheriff checked him.

"Keep your hands up—all of you," he warned.

Freed, Jill rubbed her bruised wrists and struggled to her feet. "Oh, Tom—Sheriff Tompers," she cried, her eyes misty with gratitude, "you saved our lives! How can we ever thank you!"

"Ain't got time now," the fisherman said with a gruff

smile. "We got to get these crooks inside those ropes. Come on, boys, give me a hand."

"Better search him," the sheriff cautioned, nodding toward Mr. Ecks. "He may have another gun."

Mr. Ecks started to back away but Tom Jenkins caught him by the arm. "He's got something in his pocket," Tom said and pulled out not a gun but a thick manila envelope.

Sheriff Tompers took it and opened it. "Well, I'll be gol-darned!" he exclaimed "The stolen bank bonds! Have to hand it to these youngsters! First they find the Spooks, then this." The sheriff actually smiled at Jill and her friends.

VISIONS

By NANCY STETSON

Fifteen Years Old

I glide across the high school hall
And handsome boys pursue,
Chattering in wild delight,
Suggesting things to do.
They stumble, stutter, run to me,
Their eyes in wonder beaming.
I turn and smile my graceful smile . . .
Oh, Stetson! Stop your dreaming!

"Guess the reward's yours."

"Those are not bonds," Mr. Ecks cried, reaching for them frantically. "That's our passports. We're going away on a ship—a ship of gold."

"Gold—nothing," Tom Jenkins laughed. "You're going in a ship of fish. My fishing boat."

"Fish!" Mr. Ecks paled. Then his face reddened. "No!" he screamed, tearing at his hair "Not fish! I hate the slimy things. The foul smell. The finny fins. Fish! Never!"

The fisherman blinked. "Balmy. Crazy as a loon."

When Mr. Ecks and the three Spooks were securely bound, the sheriff and Tom Jenkins herded them to the boat.

As the young people climbed into their boat, Ronnie said what was in all their minds. "Lucky thing the sheriff found us."

"If it hadn't been for Tom Jenkins, he never would have," Jill told him. "Tom thought we were headed for trouble so he followed us."

Babs shivered. "I hate to think what would have happened if he hadn't. Next time . . ."

"Next time," Dave said soberly, "we go to the sheriff first."

Girls sat on the beds, the floor, the chairs. They even perched on top of the two partly unpacked trunks belonging to Jill and Babs. But unlike the usual roomful of girls they were all quiet, listening to Jill.

"And that's how the Spooks were caught," Jill finished. "And Eddie Finnegan was cleared."

"Oh, Jill, you make it sound as if you only tagged along," Babs protested. "You know," she said to the girls, "every idea was Jill's. That's why Dave, Ronnie and I insisted she get half of the reward money—though we nearly had to knock her out before she'd agree."

"What happened to the Spooks?" asked a blonde girl. "Did they all go to prison?"

"Only the midget did," Jill answered. "Mr. Ecks, or rather Mr. Macanny, the old woman, and the giant were put away in institutions for the mentally deficient."

"And what became of the monkey?" another girl asked.

"My brother has him," Babs said. "And he's a very well-behaved monkey, too. Though he does have taking ways."

Just then the dressing bell rang and in a few moments Jill and Babs were alone.

"It's wonderful to be back at school again," Jill said. "But I'm afraid the mystery of math is going to be harder to solve than the mystery of the Spooks."

THE END

The VICTORY CLUB

MAKES A RECORD



NAN AND HER FRIENDS RECORDED A SONG TO ADVERTISE THE YORKTOWN HIGH SCHOOL WAR STAMP RALLY AND EXPECTED TO HEAR IT PLAYED OVER THE SCHOOL LOUD-SPEAKER SYSTEM AT NOON. BUT BY MISTAKE THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RECORD WAS PLAYED, THE SIDE ON WHICH CHIP MADE A SILLY RECORDING OF HIS OWN. NAN AND WALLY RUSHED TO STOP THE RECORD . . .



We'll be the laughingstock of the school unless we stop that record.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE . . .

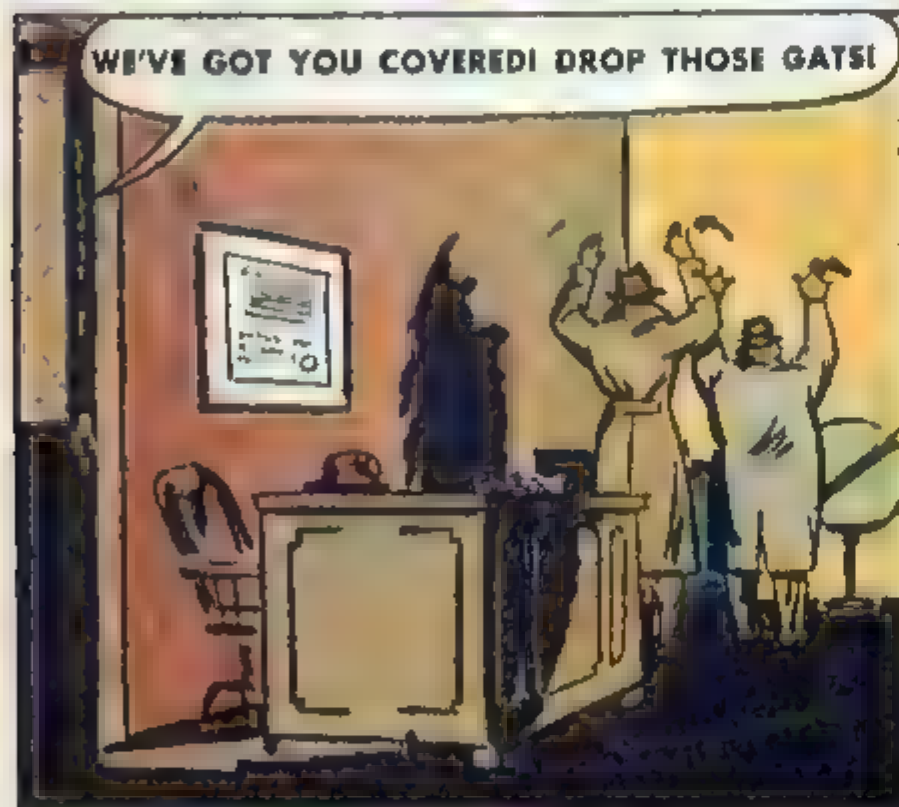
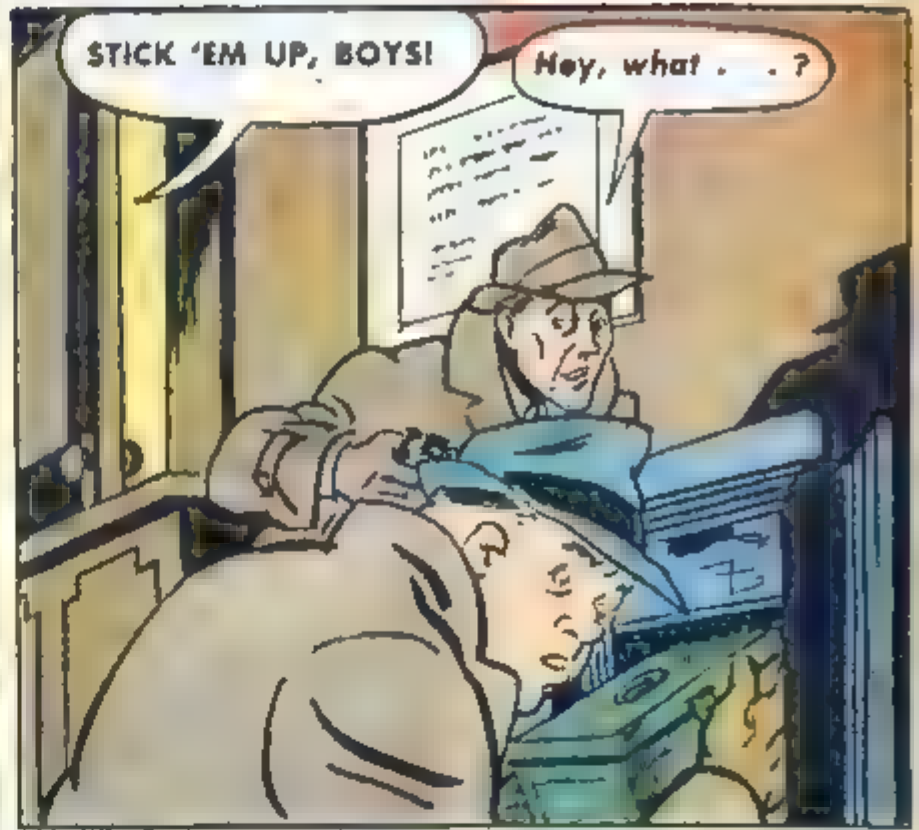
Hey . . . maybe somebody's coming!

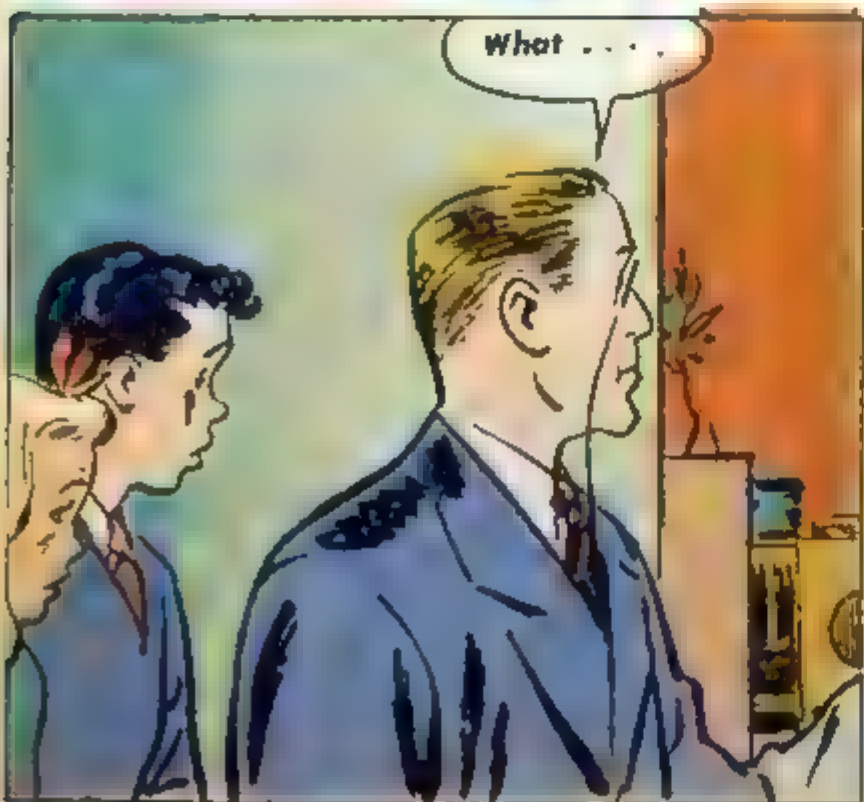
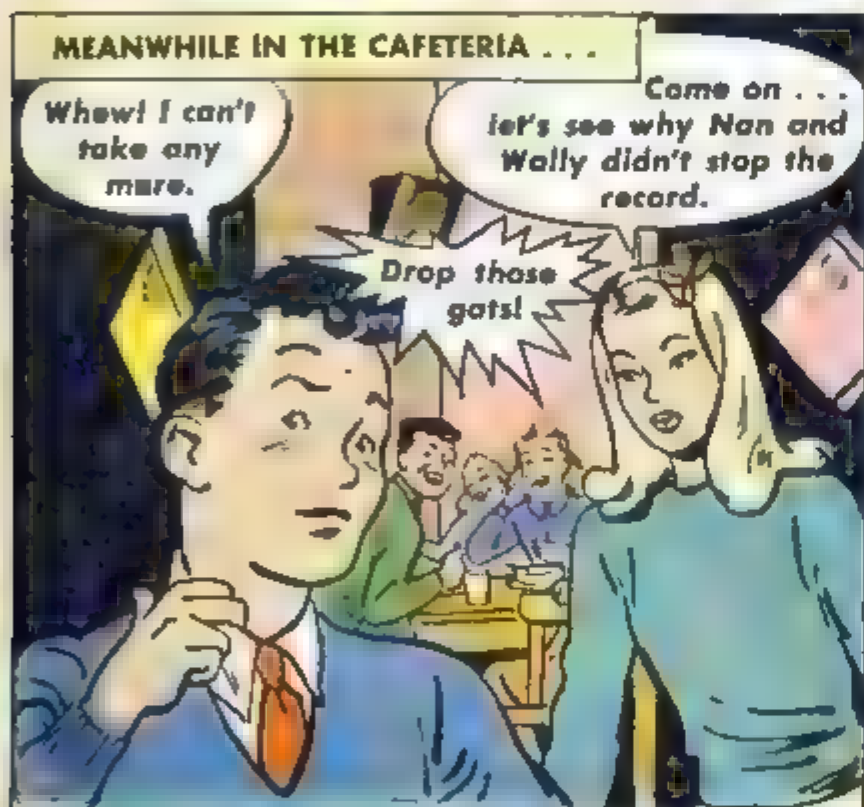
What happened to that music? And listen . . . somebody's laughing!



Keep quiet. We'll be out of here in half a minute with a couple of grand in War Stamps . . .









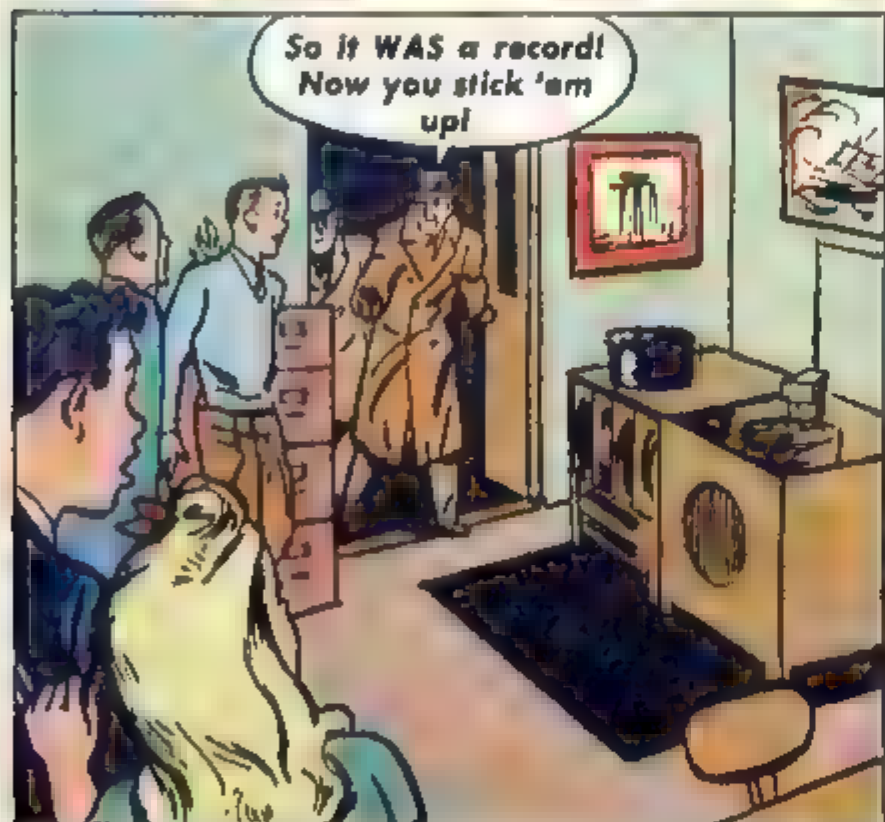
What was that you said about a record, officer?

All right, close in on them, men.



Y'know, Spike, I think we've been taken for a ride. That could be a phonograph record!

If you're right...

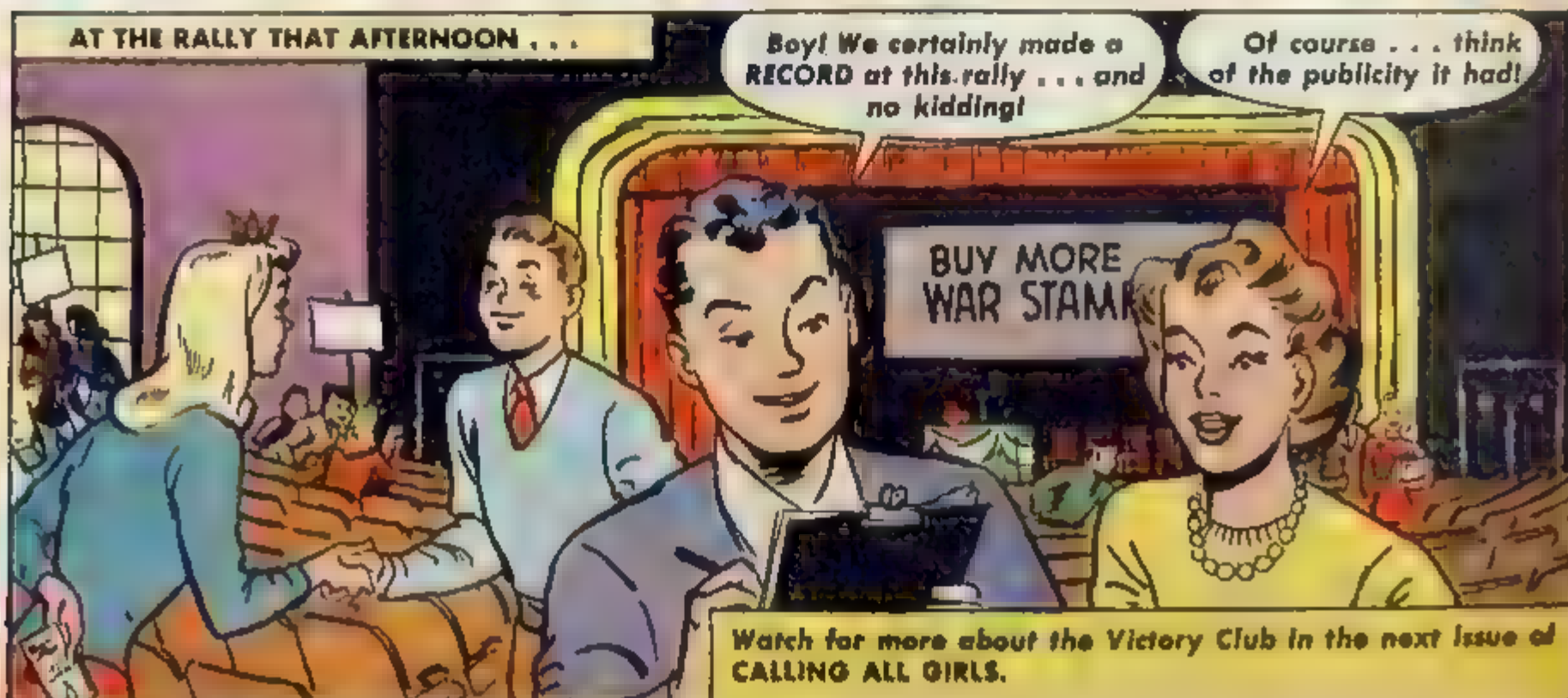


So it WAS a record! Now you stick 'em up!



Not so fast, boys!

I told you it wasn't safe to do this job at night!



AT THE RALLY THAT AFTERNOON...

Boys! We certainly made a RECORD at this rally... and no kidding!

Of course... think of the publicity it had!

BUY MORE WAR STAMPS

Watch for more about the Victory Club in the next issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Orchids to You!

By NANCY PEPPER,
Fashion Editor

We're sounding a call to the colors for spring—a call to orchid colors for Easter. We can't duplicate the lovely, soft tones exactly on paper, but wait until you see them in new spring fashions in your favorite teen department!

Above—Felt wing-dings, some with bags to match, by Peppy Miss, in orchid tones to match your outfit. Isn't that flowered baby cap a bewitcher? And, because you love Dutch caps, here's one with bag to match.

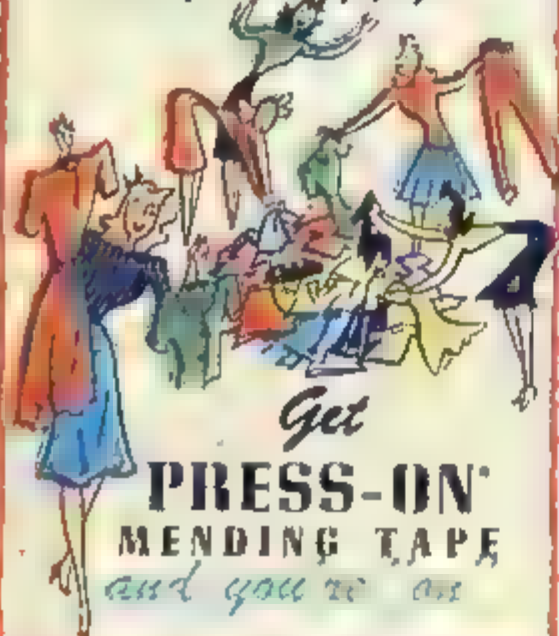
Orchid tones are number one in the sweater hit parade, the Hi-Style Scouts report. Here's a pull-on in orchid by Hi-Girl with a harmonizing plaid skirt styled by Derby. In teen sizes.

At left—You certainly will rate orchids from your O.A.O. when you step out in a Glen Check suit in orchid tones, topped by your perennial favorite, the boy coat, in orchid shetland. If you know your fashions, you will wear one of the new collarless, round neckline blouses. At right—if you're the smart girl who likes to start a trend in her crowd, just make an appearance in the new belted tapper—a feminized version of an air pilot's coat. Need we tell you that the raglan shoulders are big stuff for spring, or are you way ahead of us?

Coat, suit, and tapper by Grafshire in orchid tones under \$25.00 at most of the official CALLING ALL GIRLS stores listed elsewhere in this issue. If you cannot find these fashions in your local teen departments, send stamped, addressed envelope for nearest store.



Is everybody
Scrap-Happy?



Get
PRESS-ON®
MENDING TAPE
and you're on

Don't scrap torn things! And thank your Uncle Sam for telling you to conserve. 'Cause you'll find out, like lots of other smart girls have, that fixin' can be fun. Now—you can make it do, and make it attractive, too. Just apply Press-On Mending Tape with a hot iron; that's all! And it's washproof! Send the coupon below for oodles of ideas!

Decorate Buttonholes

Buttonholes worn and stretched? Cut out heart-shaped appliques of Press-On® Mending Tape and iron them on. And won't the bf like those hearts! Date fast, you know!



Make Contrasting Borders

So, your collar, belt or hem edge is frayed? Don't worry! Iron on Press-On® in a contrasting color to make a pretty border. Pretty smooth!



Camouflage That Hole

Even if it's the size of a silver dollar, you can cover it up cleverly with a patriotic applique cut from Press-On Mending Tape! And you've got your "military objective"!



SEND A "SCRAP-HAPPY" DIME FOR PRESS-ON IDEA BOOK



Only 10¢ for wonderful ideas on mending and restyling in 64 page Press-On Book. Fabric Decorating & Mending with a Flat Iron, and for 100 applique designs, you can trace again and again. We'll include free a sample piece of Press-On Mending Tape.

PRESS-ON® IS WASHPROOF!
12 colors, 10¢ — 25¢
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department, drug, grocery,
hardware & stationery stores.



Write your name & address on a separate piece of paper and

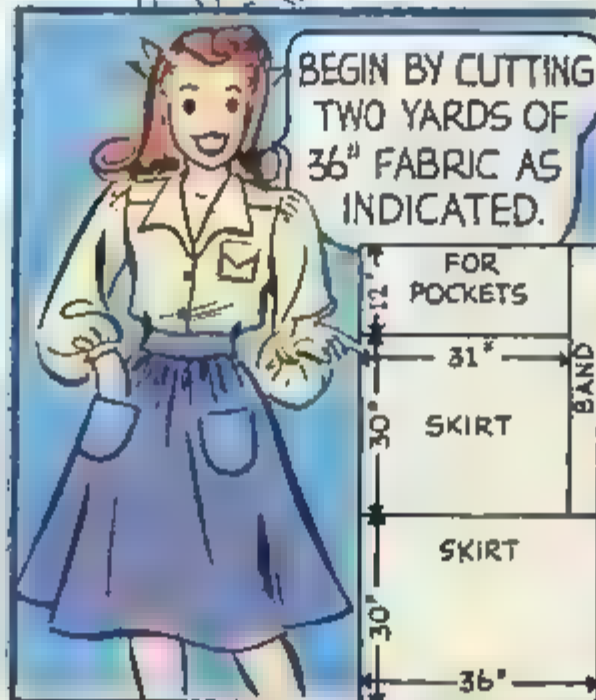
SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10¢ to PRESS-ON, Inc.

Dept. G-9, 16 West 41st St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.
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IT'S FUN TO SEW

Chapter VI

ALL SET TO SEW A SKIRT



BEGIN BY CUTTING
TWO YARDS OF
36" FABRIC AS
INDICATED.



SEW LARGEST
PIECES TOGETHER
ALONG 30" SIDES.
LEAVE 6" PLACKET
OPENING ON ONE
SEAM.

If you have followed "It's Fun to Sew" month by month, you're all set to make a skirt. We don't have to ask whether you need one. Don't you always? All you need is two yards of fabric—anything from school cottons to velveteens for dating. You can't go wrong if you work along with us.

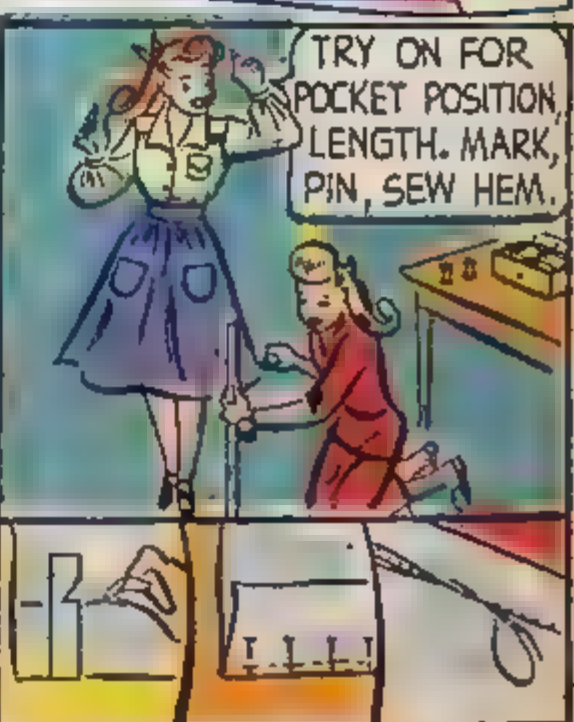
Send 3¢ stamp for
Sewing Leaflet #6.
Address Fashion
Dept., CALLING
ALL GIRLS, 52
Vanderbilt Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y.



GATHER SKIRT AND
ATTACH WAISTBAND
AS WE DID WITH THE
APRON IN CHAPTER II.



BE YOUR OWN
DESIGNER WHEN
IT COMES TO
POCKETS.



TRY ON FOR
POCKET POSITION,
LENGTH. MARK,
PIN, SEW HEM.

Cover Girl

BETTY CORNELL

Says

"IT'S FUN TO MAKE YOUR OWN JUMPER"



If a thimble she'd wear on
her finger fair
She'd avoid those pricks
she gets when it's bare!



With scissors too small, it
will take all night
Use shears when you're
sewing to cut it just right!



When you are measuring,
Don't trust a string,
Use a tape measure;
It's the very best thing.



To save wear and tear on
your hands and knees
Throw away that box;
use a pin cushion, please!

HOW would you like to have a "yummy" jumper like the one **CALLING ALL GIRLS'** cover model, Betty Cornell, is wearing? She made it herself, and you can make one just like it . . . in beautiful, soft Wesco Check-a-File, which looks and feels like sheer wool, or in the new Wesco Serg-a-Hed, soft, spun rayon that's like French serge!

Send for free instruction sheet* that'll show how *simple* it is to make this "solid" jumper. Think of all the money you'll save, and the fun you'll have, too! Wesco Fabrics are on sale at your favorite store. Write to Wesco Fabric Service, 469 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. . . . the instruction sheet is yours for just the asking!

*Prepared by the American Thread Co.



WESCO FABRIC SERVICE • 469 Seventh Avenue • New York 18, N. Y.

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LINK YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER
with an everlasting
"Forget-Me-Not"
Friendship Bracelet



From Hollywood stars to schoolgirls,
everyone is collecting Sterling Silver
"Forget-Me-Not" Memos of their friends,
sweethearts and loved ones.

Featured in the jewelry departments
of these stores:

Ames & Brownley Co., Norfolk, Va.
L. S. Aryer Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bloss & Kuhl Co., Peoria, Ill.
The Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Burdine's, Inc., Miami, Fla.
Cohen Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.
Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
Charles S. Drake Co., Elkhart, Ind.
Eldred's, Charlotte, N. C.
The Fair Store, Chicago, Ill.
Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gashart Gushard Co., Decatur, Ill.
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gold & Co., Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule, St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hanger Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Heer's Dept. Store, Springfield, Mo.
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Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
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Rike Kummer Co., Dayton, Ohio
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Thalheimer Bros., Richmond, Va.
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J. B. White Co., Augusta, Ga.
Wolf & Desseuer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edward Wren Co., Springfield, Ohio
Yunker Bros., Des Moines, Ia.
John Dry Goods Co., Roche, Wisc.
and many others.

Play Your Best



JUNELLEN HAWTHORNE, our cover girl,
chooses classic suit and topcoat ensembles.
Left, Grafshire's gray and white stripe (on
the cover) with gray boy coat. Opposite,
tweed with matching Chesterfield, Hi-Style
by Bambury. With both, our front cover
Dutch cap by Babs. Lapel initial by Margot;
"nutty" owl gadget by Leonard Hover.

♥ SLEEVELESS SUIT. Left,
corduroy vest with plaid
skirt by Mademoiselle. Kid
sister goes for a Joan Lord pastel
plaid jerkin suit. Corotteen lapel
gadgets are "musts" with any suit.

♣ CARDIGAN SUIT. New col-
larless style by Derby in
men's wear gray flannel
dressed up with trapunto embroi-
dered pockets. Flower-trimmed
felt hat and bag set by Peppy Miss.

Suit for Spring



◆ **DRESS-MAKER SUIT.**
Pastel "dress-up" suit by Barbara, velvet collared. The hat and bag set by Peppy Miss

All suits, except 7 to 14 for kids, in teen sizes moderately priced. All your favorite teen department, or for further information send stamped, addressed large envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y. State which style you're looking for.

♠ **BLAZER SUIT.** Left, Derby's tweed with contrasting blazer binding. Right, Cardigan blazer bordered with the wool check of the skirt. Hi-Style by Bambury. Hat and bag set by Babs; heart-shaped lockets by Margot.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

SOLID.
but definitely



Adorable felt ensemble with gay felt flower appliques. Dutchie Hat and lined tabourine shoulder bag...about \$5. Suspenders.... about \$2.

COLORS:

Copen, beige, red, dusty rose, telly, dark brown, spice brown, navy, orchid.

At leading teen depts., or write to

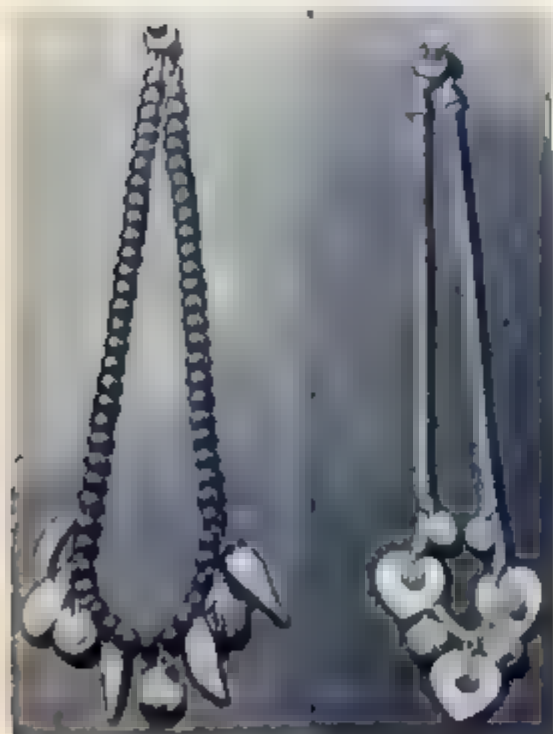
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S. F. S.* ENDORSES "DATE-BAIT"

HARVEST
THAT CORN
necklace
\$1.

HEART
THROB
necklace
\$1.



*Soda Fountain Society is in a tizzy about these cheeze [ools, that keep your hearts dangling on a string and your vitamins clinging to your throat. Adds fun and flavor to any outfit.

at leading stores everywhere
or write to

**ACCESSOCRAFT
GADGETERIA**

ACCESSOCRAFT PRODUCTS
369 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



LOW-NECK FROCKS for High Heel Dates

IS IT heels or flats?" asked Janice Alpers of Norfolk, Va., when Jackie Macmillan of New York suggested a double date. (That's Janice on the upper step at the Hotel Pierre, New York). "Heels," Jackie decided, quick as a wink, 'coz flats meant sweaters and skirts, while heels meant a chance to wear their new date dresses with the strictly 1944 lower necklines.

"Junior Firsts" in Sub-Junior sizes, proportioned for your figures. Of crisp Butcher linen in lush colors, including your beloved orchid. Note Janice's deep rounded

neckline and side buttoning, Jackie's cardigan jacket styling. And we can't resist a pun about "bows" and "beaux." Band Leader headbands are just right on smooth hair-do's. Bracelet by Accessocraft.

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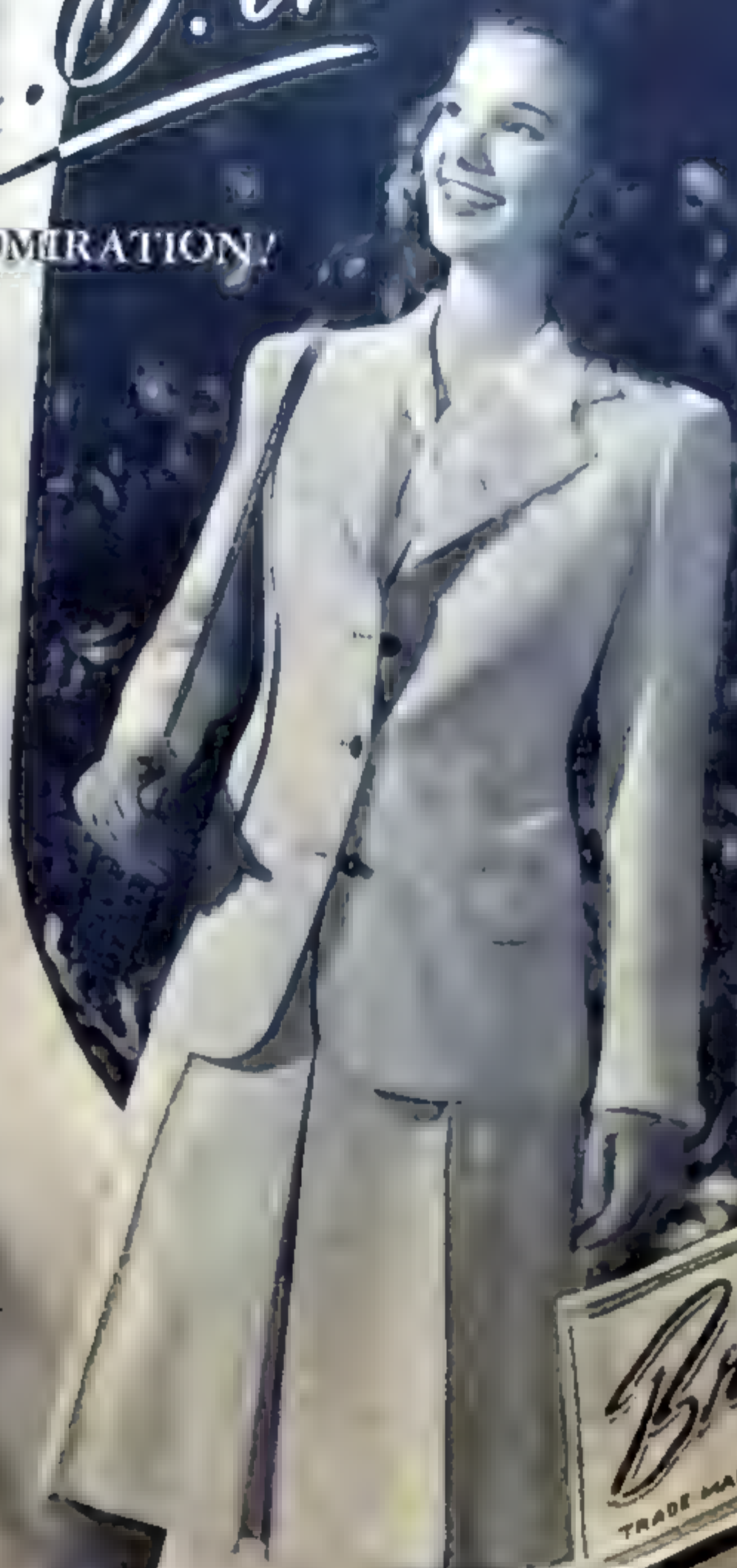
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HAPPY ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 26)

pulled out a severely simple crepe-backed satin—white blouse with long full sleeves gathered into tight cuffs, a wide, crushed cherry-red gir-dle, a long, dark blue skirt.

"Put it on. Here, I'll help you get out of this." The tiered net fell to the floor in a little heap which Dana deftly gathered up and spread over a hanger. The satin slipped over Ronnie's head, fell, almost miraculously, into place on her body. "It fits

as if it were made for you!" Dana cried. "Oh, Ronnie, look at yourself—aren't you stunning?"

It was true. Ronnie could scarcely believe her eyes. It didn't seem possible that a dress could make such a difference in her appearance. There before her stood the kind of person she had always wanted to be. It was queer that she had never been able to achieve it by herself, but Dana had un-

erringly chosen the right sheath for her. The creamy white brought out the color in her skin and lent light to her hair. The long sleeves made her arms look less long; the prominent wristbones were hidden, and the hands seemed smaller. The fullness of the blouse made her shoulders narrower, too.

"You and I are the same type," Dana said. "I knew it the first time I saw you. We could be sisters." Ronnie kept back her surprise. It was true; she could see it now. But she remembered how enviously she had looked at Dana, tall, slim, perfectly turned out. She had never imagined herself as someone like Dana.

Dana was laughing. "I used to cry my eyes out because I was big," she said. "I was crazy about ruffles and frills and floppy girly stuff. And then Mother took me in hand and said I had to make up my mind to follow my type. The tailored girl. I was different and I ought to play it up. You can't hide your height and bigness, but you can play up to it. Good material and the right colors and tailored lines. Instead of being a misfit nobody, I found a style of my own." She came over to Ronnie. "Listen, do you mind? Take down your hair. I'll bet you'd look simply swish with a shoulder bob and bangs."

Feeling like someone in a dream, Ronnie did as she was told. Her hair had a slight natural wave so that the ends curled in. Dana clapped her hands.

"Leave it like this tonight," she ordered, "and next week get Miss Garry to make a soft bang for you. It'll be swell."

Ronnie, with eyes half closed, could see that it would be. The roll had only made her forehead rounder and higher, and consequently made her face seem longer. Now the soft fall of hair shortened the neckline and made a frame for her face. The fringe across the forehead would lower the forehead

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height, and bring out her eyes.

It was almost as if, with the changing of dress and hair-do, Ronnie had changed personalities. She hadn't time to think it out now, but she would, for it was important. She only knew that because she was dressed becomingly and looked well, she found herself walking more gracefully; she held her head higher because she was sure of herself; and because she was sure of herself, she was more relaxed and more at ease. It was exciting to feel herself becoming the kind of person she'd always wanted to be. And the best part was that the others seemed to like this new person she had become.

Tim Hellburn came up and danced her off. She danced well, even though she was almost as tall as he. He told her so, frankly, and his approval must have spread to the other boys, for after that she had no lack of partners. The evening winged by in a rosy haze of music.

Gene Turnbull cornered her.

"I'm taking you home. Don't go off without me. We're practically neighbors. You're right down my alley, and nobody's going to hear me complain about it."

Walking home with Gene through the cold night air, Ronnie was thinking swiftly. "If anyone had told me clothes could make such a difference I'd never have believed her. But they do. I feel different already—as if I'd found myself. And I look different; I must, because see how everybody acted! I could take the frilly dress to the Utility Shop after it's cleaned, and get something for it. And there's some money left from my clothing allowance. I'll get a tailored suit and some soft blouses and a formal like this—simple and well-cut."

"Listen," Gene said. "Who's going with me to the Junior Hop?" He stopped walking and faced her around toward him.

Ronnie laughed. It had been an astounding evening. Oh, what if Jiggsy hadn't spilled punch on her?

"Why, I am of course!" she said happily, smiling at him.

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HAVE you a double standard when it comes to courtesy? Is one of your sets of manners reserved for a picked audience and another set for the rest of the world? That's what happens when you think of good manners only in terms of what to do with the olive pit and how to tackle the chicken! Even though it's a good trick to know how to manage the most frightening array of table silver, you still get below passing mark if you're rude to the maid. Because all the etiquette books that have been circulated in the past thousand years haven't been able to improve on that one foolproof formula — the Golden Rule.

The flaw that gives away many a would-be lady is that she knows all the rules but the Golden Rule.

Yet if you indicated to this same would-be smooth lady that maybe her manners aren't so good, she'd probably register shocked surprise. Of course she has good manners! Doesn't she know how to make introductions smoothly, how to eat everything from soup to nuts gracefully, how to send and to acknowledge invitations correctly? The reason she's would-be and not genuine twenty carat is that she learned the details and lost the spirit.

Really good manners are as democratic as the Constitution—they include everybody. They accept no separate standard for people of different income, different nationality, different religion, different color, because after all people are people, as any doctor or scientist can tell you. Doctors and scientists know we're "sisters under the skin." Their studies and experiments have proved that the world over, people have



mind *over* manners

If the old proverb "Street angel, house devil" applies to you, you are on the double standard

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

the same number of bones and parts and the same kind of blood and that's true no matter how much money they boast. Really good manners are no more than considerate actions. It's easier to be considerate when you learn to look at things through the eyes of the other person, and this also gives you an idea of how outlandish your habits seem to someone else.

All of us become public servants after we finish getting our schooling. Some serve as government heads, some as doctors, lawyers, teachers, some as laundresses, seamstresses, cooks. Directly or indirectly, you're getting the benefit of their services, so you can't pick and choose between the ones you'll be polite to and the ones you'll rudely dismiss.

A bully is despised because he usually fights with someone smaller than he is. Many people who look on bullies with scorn are really bullies themselves because it's just as

cowardly to snap at somebody who can't talk back—because of his job, for instance. If you ever feel that you simply must let off steam, pick on someone your own size who can stand up to you. Taking out a peeve on a maid or on a younger brother or sister is hitting below the belt.

Some would-be's like to say proudly, "I guess I told *him* off." And you wonder why they feel such a high glow after they've paraded bad manners and worse tempers. Maybe they think they've proved their superiority by snapping at what they consider "inferiors." But everybody knows that people who have to prove their superiority that way

aren't superior at all—they're just trying to attract attention. And they're trying to prove to themselves that they're big shots—but they prove just the opposite to onlookers. A person who has to act like an outsized Gremlin to attract attention is admitting she's no great shakes.

Some are so hard up they have to feel superior because of their color, their religion, or their dad's income. With an exciting world itching to be discovered, only an ickie has to fall back on bad manners as an eye-catcher when skill at anything from sports to studies automatically wins applause.

The double-standard variety of bad manners usually belongs to people who are boring and unimaginative. Because wide-awake people with imagination are so interested in others, politeness is practically a reflex.

If you find the double standard rearing its ugly head in your life, just think of how you're typing yourself, and of how you're cheating your life of variety, and of the Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Gadgetrix

by Karu

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...and they're P 38 with the wolves and the goats. What I mean is Gadgetrix are absolutely divine. They're terrifically popular with all the teenagers in town... even the boys think they're smart and tricky! And they're sophisticated enough for Mom to borrow... when she can get 'em away from me! I'm wearing my Bangle Necklace and Bracelet. They're simply deluxe... in four swell go-with-everything color combinations. Necklace and Bracelet... \$1.00 each



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GADGETS for Girls

Something from the Boys—If you haven't a warm, sloppy sweater for cavorting in the snow this winter, try wearing a boy's white sweat shirt with your slacks and dark skirts. They're warm, inexpensive, and smart enough if you add a piece of gadget jewelry.—Beverly Toner, Sioux City, Iowa. For big, warm, outdoor socks, buy yours in the boys' department. Turn down the tops and run a piece of knitting wool through the cuffs they form so you can tie them snugly about your ankles. Adorn the ends of the wool with tassels.—Betty Patterson, Ogdensburg, N.Y.

More Fun to Sew—If you made a drawstring bag, you will enjoy this variation of it. Line the bag with material as durable and strong as the outside goods, but make it a different color or plaid. Then you can reverse the bag to go with different outfits.—Lois Tessmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Bowknot News—Of course not all hair bows are news, but these bows are. Sew name tapes on the bows which adorn the ends of your pigtails. It's pretty cute and has the added advantage of letting the boy behind you in school know your name!—Patricia L. Shaughnessy, Philadelphia, Pa. Another use for Dad's discarded ties—make them into hair bows. Just the thing to wear with your tie skirt.—Georgia Ralston, Maplewood, N. J.

How Are Your Insignia?—If you have a boy-friend in the armed services, why not tell the world about it with your ears, too? Ask the b.f. for two buttons from his uniform. Cement or solder them to old earring bases. They glitter like gold.—Katherine O'Sullivan, Montreal, Que.

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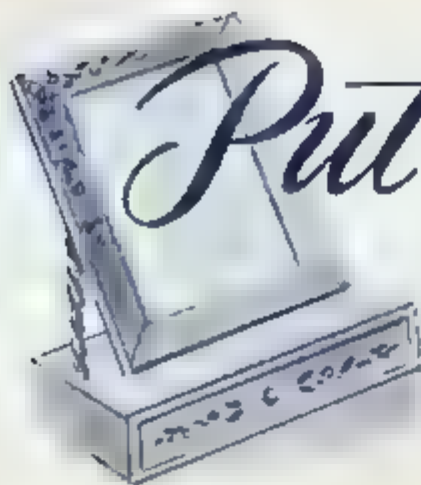
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Put on Your Best Face

You have to learn the art of make-up if you want to camouflage your bad points and highlight your good ones

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

MAKE-UP is the trickiest thing—a good trick when it's used well, but one *on you* unless you have real know-how. The place to start is with your face, and I'm not being funny. Just a nice clean face, please, and a good mirror in a bright light. Try evening make-up effects in artificial light. You probably use little or no make-up in the daytime, anyway.

Now then, an honest inspection. What are the good points of your face, and how can you subtly emphasize them? Which are not-so-good, and how can you camouflage them? So you go to work with nature's little helpers, powder, lipstick, and so forth—but only what you need. Don't try to use everything on the cosmetic counters. The final result must be definitely *your* face, not a mask trying to look like somebody else, no matter how beautiful. But it can be your best face, a more glamorous version of your everyday one, so get your routine down pat ahead of time, ready to do an artistic job of make-up for that Big Evening



How about a powder base? Maybe, if you find that your powder just won't stay on. Choose a light foundation that matches your skin tone and use it as sparingly as possible. This gal couldn't give forth her most alluring smile if she wanted to. Her powder base is on so thick it would crack into ugly lines. If you can feel the foundation on your skin after it's covered with powder, it is not the right foundation for you or you are using too much of it. Blend powder base evenly all over the face, clear to the hairline, up back of the ears and over the neck. There shouldn't be any visible stopline.



Very likely you won't need to worry about rouge for a while unless you are one of those pale girls who looks all washed out by the end of a date. If you do use it, put it on to fool the public, not to advertise like a billboard. Rouge should look completely natural. All edges must fade out. Rule for rouge: Always use less than you think you will need and add to it. Too much slathered on can't be successfully toned down; you'll have to do a cleansing job and start over.



Now the powder. Neither a snow-storm nor a scrub-job, please. Press powder on gently with a clean puff and dust off the excess with a complexion brush or a bit of fresh cotton. Powder tint is important. You may want to experiment with samples or dime-store sizes until you find the one shade that is most flattering to your complexion. It's best to select a powder that has the same general tone as your own skin, or you may try a slightly lighter shade for evening.

Horrors! Wouldn't you know—just when you want to look completely smooth there's an ugly, red dried-up pimple! Cheer up, you can hide it neatly with one of those miraculous creams made especially to conceal blemishes. Get a shade just slightly darker than your skin tone and apply it carefully as directed, and no one will guess your secret. If the pimple is an open one you'll just have to treat it with a good antiseptic lotion or salve and do your best to forget it until it heals over





Even the movie stars have gone natural and keep their lipstick strictly within the lipline. Lipstick can be applied with a brush, the stick itself, or your finger. Your elbow on the table helps steady your hand. Begin at the center of the upper lip and draw to each corner with one unbroken stroke. Then fill in. Press the lips together and use the imprint left on the lower lip as your guide to coloring it. Blot off the excess with a cleansing tissue—gooey lips went out with dirty saddle shoes! Light, natural colors are smartest.



The finishing touch—the smooth eyebrow. Use a little brush to remove any powder from eyebrows and lashes. If your eyebrows are dark, a tiny bit of cream on them will make them shine. If they are very light or skimpy, you may want to touch them up lightly with a brown eyebrow pencil. Don't try to change the line—it will only make you look silly and affected.

Are You in the Know?



Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

- ☐ A Boogie
- ☐ A Shorty George
- ☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more *comfortable*—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

This Hair-do's for you—if

- ☐ Your face is long
- ☐ Heart-shaped
- ☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but if your face is long, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming commandment when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



How would you introduce them?

- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Wac as "Miss"!). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!



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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT

How's Your

COOKING TECHNIQUE?

There's more to baking than just a recipe, so if you want to take the cake and the prize, too, learn the tricks of the trade

By LETTIE GAY

Junior Housekeeping Editor

IT IS fun sometimes just to spend all Saturday afternoon baking cake," mused Sally as she sifted and measured a bowlful of flour.

"Especially when we can sell frosted cake squares and help raise money for the Red Cross," answered Jeannie as she creamed the fat with a long-handled wooden spoon. "But isn't it queer the way practically every cake we bake is a little different from the last one, even when we use exactly the same recipe?"

The girls will soon have a right to expect almost perfect cakes because they are learning good technique in measuring and mixing batters. They know that it is as easy to bake a wonderful cake as a half-way cake if you use good technique.

Assemble all your ingredients and utensils before you start mixing.

The baking pan should be prepared first of all. Line it with waxed or other thin paper; oil paper and sides of pan.

Choose a mixing bowl comfortably large so you can stir the batter without splattering over the edge. It should have sloping sides and should be heavy enough not to slip around on the table as you stir. You can stir better with a wooden spoon because you can grip the handle more firmly than a metal spoon.

To keep the table top clean and to prevent waste, place a clean sheet of paper towel under the bowl while measuring and sifting flour. Measure all the ingredients before you start mixing. The proper way to measure flour for a cake is to sift it first, then fill the measuring cup by lifting heaping tablespoons of the sifted flour and turning them lightly into the cup. Fill the cup to overflowing, never tapping or jarring it, and then level off the top with the edge of the spatula. Measure granulated sugar the same way, except that sugar need not be sifted before measuring. But fill the cup by

spoonfuls to avoid air spaces. Roll brown sugar with a rolling pin, to remove lumps, and measure by packing solidly into a cup. Press brown sugar down as firmly as possible, for it has a very buoyant nature.

Pack butter or any other cooking fat firmly into the measure, taking care to press out air spaces. This is easier to do if the fat is previously left out of the refrigerator long enough for it to soften slightly and if you have a set of individual measures for fractional parts of a cup.

Beat the egg whites until they are stiff and place in refrigerator until needed.

Now the mixing: The time-honored way to mix up a plain butter cake is to cream the butter or other fat, add the sugar gradually, cream well together; add egg yolks; then add the flour, baking powder, and salt mixture alternately with the milk; and finally stir in the beaten egg whites and seasoning. While you're doing this, heat the oven to the temperature stated in the recipe. Almost any cake recipe will give you these general directions.



Now here are some extra pointers for improving your skill:

A cake is better if it is well mixed, but the emphasis on stirring and beating should come before the milk is added. After the milk is added to the batter, speed is important to get the cake into the oven (or into the refrigerator if you wish to bake it later) before the action of the baking powder is lost. That is why it is particularly important to cream the butter well to start with; and then cream it still more after adding the sugar. Beat well after adding each egg yolk. This insures a well-mixed batter before you add the flour and milk when the mixture naturally gets heavier and more difficult to stir.

Add the dry ingredients: flour, baking powder, and salt mixed well together, a little at a time, alternately with the milk. Stir in quickly a heaping tablespoonful of the flour mixture. Count ten as you do it; now add about 2 tablespoons of milk—guess at the amount as you pour it from the measure. Count five—it should all be mixed. Now stir in another heaping spoonful of flour in ten counts, more milk and so on until the batter is smooth. There is nothing to be gained by extra-long beating of the batter at this stage. Quickly stir in the beaten egg whites.

Pour the batter into the prepared cake pans and bake at the temperature suggested by your recipe.

Now fill all the utensils with cold water to soak while you sweep up the kitchen floor. Wash in warm soapy water all the bowls and utensils, using your hands or a brush rather than dish mop or cloth to remove excess batter. Rinse in hot water, dry, and put away in proper places. Move quietly while the cake bakes—no jitters at this point. That comes later when the family sees your cake and the fine clean kitchen you worked in.

For recipes and additional kitchen methods, send stamped, addressed envelope for Junior Housekeeping Leaflet No. 7, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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TRIX-SET

By
BETTY ANN

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SO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER

(Continued from page 10)

Unless you're the rare exception, your voice teacher wouldn't let you enter into such competition; and it's silly to try it in the literary world.

You don't write a story and send it to a magazine. Then what do you do to get started on this career of authorship? Well, you do quite a lot of things. Let's begin with one you might like to dodge.

You're studying English composition at school. Maybe all that stuff about balanced sentences and subordinate clauses and unity-within-the-paragraph seems pretty dull. I'm sorry, but I must break it to you now that you can't bypass those things. They are the tools of your trade, as indispensable as hammer and nails to a carpenter. If they get in your way, there's just one thing to do. Learn them so well and so thoroughly that you can forget them. They'll soon become second nature and cease to bother you. And while we're talking about tools, do remember to learn typing. You simply can't get by with long-hand manuscripts these days.

When your English teacher gives you an assignment, throw your whole soul into it. If the subject is an unexciting one, so much the better. Take it as a challenge. A real writer can make something out of anything. Get a fresh slant on it, something new and different. Try being funny about it instead of earnest. Do something, anything, but make the dead theme live. When you've learned to do that, you've learned something very valuable, for it's "deadness" that brings forth a lot of those rejection slips.

You can learn many things you need outside your English class. Take history. Are you content to know only what the textbook tells you about Christopher Columbus? He didn't begin to live at Isabella's court and die when he'd discovered America. He had a life before

Miss Corotear SAYS

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and after, a rich, colorful life of his own. Read his biography. Get to know him as a man, not a name in a textbook. Try to do that with as many of the great historical figures as you possibly can. You see, all the things that have happened in the world, and the people who made them happen, are part of your writer's background. You have to know about people to write about people.

The fact is, and I hope this doesn't frighten you, a writer has to know something about everything. History, science, literature, languages—there's almost no subject that won't come into your writing someday. You don't have to know everything. You couldn't. But you do have to have a general over-all picture of the world and what goes on in it. Every time you learn something new you add just that much to your stock in trade as a writer.

"That's all very well," you'll say, "but how about writing now? Don't I write anything but English assignments?"

Of course you do. You write all the time, seizing every chance to get something on paper. Write for your school newspaper or magazine. If there isn't any, start one. Get yourself an active job on the staff. Try your hand at reporting news and sports events, take a turn at the editor's chair. Find out why one story is chosen over another, where timeliness and word-length enter the picture. Literary excellence isn't an editor's only requirement, you know. And keep on writing stories for your own practice and your friends' pleasure.

Make a writing job out of your letters. Don't just dash off a lot of odds and ends of disconnected news. If your soldier brother in the Solomons is mad about baseball, go to see a game and make your whole letter out of that. Make it so real and vivid that he feels he was there, too. Write to as many people of different interests as you can, and make

your letters fit their interests.

And of course keep a diary. Put in it the things that impressed you most during the day, and particularly how you felt about those things. It's hard to pin feelings down on paper, and it's very important. In fact, it's where many other-wise competent writers fall down completely. But if you can get into words your grief over a dead puppy, or the thrill of your first date, then you're well on the way to painting the sorrows and raptures of future heroines. It's when a reader recognizes his own feelings in a story that he calls it "true to life." Human emotions are the same at all ages, although different events call them to the surface. Try to understand them and find the right words to make them clear.

Well, there it is. That's the road a writer travels. It's a long road, just as they told you, but it's painful only if one starts late and tries to cover all the early stages in one ter-

rific jump. You take it in the easy, natural way, moving from one milestone to the next, confident that you will arrive at your goal.

Or maybe you don't think so? Maybe all this sounds tiresome and beside-the-point to you? Well, that could be. It could also be that you weren't meant to be a writer anyway.

Perhaps this is as good a test as any. If you are willing to do these things, and doing them intelligently and patiently feel yourself grow in power, if you begin to be at home on paper as a good swimmer is at home in the water—well, then you can stop worrying about whether you'll ever be a writer. You *are* a writer. Difficulties still lie ahead, but you'll have toughened your mental muscles to deal with them. And looking back, you'll be surprised to see how far you've come along the writer's road, and how naturally you take your place in the goodly company of those who travel it.

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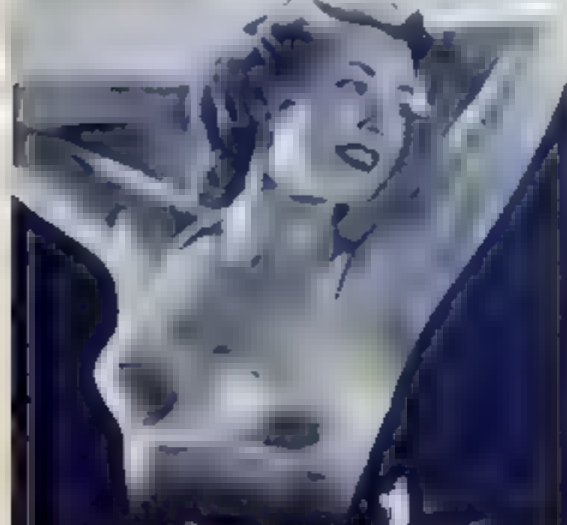
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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 18)

All of my girl-friends have a way to earn their own money, like taking care of children, etc. I was asked to take care of a child. I told my parents about it and as always they objected. My father said I might get in too late and that he thought I had enough spending money (50¢ a week). It isn't that I'm not satisfied but I would like to be able to earn my own money. How can I get my parents to understand?—Anna D., aged 13½, Pennsylvania.

THERE are a number of ways of learning how to use money—earning, spending, sharing, and saving. Many girls need to earn some of their money as part of their growing independence. They can prove their readiness by taking added responsibility at home and by showing that they can make wise decisions.

Anna would not want her mother and father to be indifferent about her health or safety. Taking care of a child may be a very good experience and Anna may be resourceful in finding some way to do this and come home earlier, or arrange to have someone bring her home. Perhaps Anna and her parents can agree on some worthwhile earning opportunities in her home or community. Anna's teacher or the town librarian might be glad to give her some further ideas about part-time jobs, which she could then discuss with her parents. Nowadays, everyone's contribution on the home front is needed; many high school students are working after school.

Anna wants to face her other responsibilities, too. She must remember that she needs to have normal work, play, and friendship experiences in order to grow well. It is a delicious feeling to be able to spend money one has earned, but Anna is only thirteen and she should not be impatient for earning experiences immediately or on a very large scale.

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4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
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7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman! how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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